DANGER ON THE JOB RALPH NADER

THE NATION

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The Drift Toward Doomsday

BLIND STRATEGY of MISSILE DEFENSE

MILTON J. ROSENBERG

'Little Groups of Neighbors' **DRAFT BOARDS IN ACTION** L. BREWSTER JACKSON

Casanova PAUL ZWEIG **Kazantzakis** JOHN ARTHOS

The Heady Past of Futurism SIMON KARLINSKY

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LETTERS

UAW in Africa

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: Writing of the financing of the Africa-based Peace with Freedom organization ["New Mission to Africa," *The Nation*, Jan. 13] Stanley Meisler asserts that this organization, reportedly the recipient of CIA funds, was also the beneficiary of contributions by individual American labor unions. "One of these, ironically," Meisler writes, "was the United Auto Workers, which for years has been criticizing George Meany and the AFL-CIO for their CIA entanglements abroad."

The UAW never contributed funds of any kind to Peace with Freedom. The presumption that it may have done so is apparently based on a transaction in December, 1963, in which the UAW, wishing to furnish a jeep to the headquarters of a bona fide Rhodesian union, did so with the assistance of Peace with Freedom, whose facilities for physically importing the vehicle and processing it through Northern Rhodesian customs were far more efficient than our own. The sum of $3,000 was specifically earmarked for this purpose, and it represents the sole transaction of any kind which the UAW entered into involving Peace with Freedom in any way. . . .

It should also be noted that any relationship between UAW and Peace with Freedom was concluded before any revelations were made concerning CIA subsidizing of this organization. We are the more interested in this clarification for being in complete agreement with the article's substantive argument. *Victor G. Reuther, Director*
International Affairs Department, UAW

Mr. Crude

Houston, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: It is irresponsibility bordering on hysteria to end an article ["The Dormant Bomb" by Chris Welles; *The Nation*, Dec. 23] with the impression that oil men regard Nixon as more favorable to them than Johnson. Any check on their records in Congress . . . as well as obvious common sense would show that this is not true. Nixon is favorable to the oil industry; Johnson *is* the oil industry. *Howard Fallis*

Maybe so, but compare Mr. Udall with Mr. Hickel.
The Editors

desperate void

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: To Catharine Hughes's documented slaughter ["Where Are the Playwrights?" *The Nation*, Jan. 20] I add my own even more devastating conclusions about recent playwriting:

The most charitable evaluation of the experimenters is that in their desperate void of opportunities to train, act and find pertinent new plays, they attempt to become their own combined actors-directors-producers-and-writers. At the heart is the total collapse of contemporary playwriting and the professional theatre.

Even the best of the absurdists like Pinter and Albee and the off-off-ers grab at some myopic detail and beat it to death. The creative mainstreams flow back from Sartre, Camus, Giraudoux, Ghelderode, Dürrenmatt, Frisch, Hochhuth and even Anouilh, who barely tapped the fabulous stories of postwar events, biographies and depth psychologies that would be the envy of Shakespeare.

Until playwrights appear, capable of integrating and expanding (even their monomanias) with the zooming complexities of the space age, they'll continue to regress into the infantilism and oblivion of the American theatre. *Sidney Blackstone*

EDITORIALS

Nixon, Mitchell and Leonard

For his effect on domestic policy, there is no more important official in Washington today than the director of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice. The post calls for integrity, courage, political independence and a strong commitment to civil rights. It requires skill in the specialized field of civil rights litigation; above all, it should be held by a person who commands the respect and confidence of minority groups. Against this background, Attorney General John Mitchell's selection of Jerris Leonard of Wisconsin to head the Civil Rights Division is dismaying.

Leonard is a young lawyer-politician, a graduate of Marquette University, who at 25 was elected to the state Assembly in 1956. He was re-elected in 1958 and was then elected to the state Senate in 1960 and re-elected in 1964. Running against the Democratic U.S. Senator, Gaylord Nelson, last year, he was defeated by 387,000 votes, although the state went for Nixon and all Republican nominees for state office were elected. His was the worst defeat suffered by a Republican Senatorial candidate in Wisconsin since 1928.

In announcing Leonard's appointment, the Attorney General referred to his "outstanding record on civil rights." It is meager and it is not outstanding. Mr. Leonard was one of the founders of the Catholic Inter-Racial Council in Milwaukee and he has been an advocate of open housing legislation, despite the fact that he comes from Bayside, a north shore suburb. But his appointment is vigorously opposed by the Youth Council of the NAACP and by the Madison chapter of that organization, as well as by Father Groppi. The Attorney General says that he knew of Mr. Leonard's membership in the all-white Eagles Club, but by way of reassurance adds that his appointee will resign. Most public officials, including the Mayor of Milwaukee, withdrew from the club some time ago, when its restrictive policies first came under attack.

In the legislature, Mr. Leonard sponsored an amendment to the anti-lobbying law that would have imposed drastic penalties on newspapers exposing reports of illegal lobbying; the amendment, which failed to pass, was clearly aimed at the Madison *Capital Times*. He once denounced the editor of the student daily at the University of Wisconsin because he allegedly lived in a house with Communists. The attack was promptly repudiated by the Young Republicans at the university. He has been quoted as saying of student activists: "What those kids need is the strap across the seat of their pants once in a while and a little good rough treatment from the cop on the beat."

But there is a more specific objection to the Leonard appointment. Wisconsin's constitution bans direct state indebtedness in excess of $100,000. To get around this provision, the legislature has created several "dummy" corporations which can issue construction bonds that are not state obligations. Mr. Leonard was chairman of the State Building Commission and served as president and chief executive officer of the Wisconsin State Agencies Building

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Corp., the largest of the four "dummy" corporations. John Mitchell served as bond counsel for these corporations and is said to have received more than $200,000 in fees. In view of this relationship, the Madison *Capital Times* predicted, before the appointment was announced, that Mr. Mitchell would find a top post for Leonard. The disturbing aspect of the appointment is that it represents not the usual form of political patronage but a reward for past financial favors.

When President Nixon announced his Cabinet, the Mitchell appointment struck us as being among the least promising. Mitchell's selection, in turn, of Jerris Leonard to head the critically important Civil Rights Division; his naming of Richard Kleindienst, Goldwater's aide in the 1964 campaign, as his top lieutenant; and his choice of William H. Rehnquist, who has been sharply critical of "the left wing" of the Supreme Court, as Assistant Attorney General, confirm our initial impression.

The Plan That Was

During the summer of 1967, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss proposed an audacious, technologically based peace plan for the Middle East. He suggested large nuclear-power plants in Israel and the Arab countries to produce electricity in sufficient quantities to desalinate sea water economically and to be a reserve source of power for future needs. The plan was supported by former President Eisenhower, and so became known as the Eisenhower Plan. It garnered considerable newspaper publicity and was endorsed editorially by many publications, including *The Nation* (October 9, 1967), which had described the process at length in the issues of December 28, 1963, and March 23, 1964.

The plan had been conceived by Dr. R. Philip Hammond, a chemical engineer at the Los Alamos nuclear weapons center, who disclosed it to Dr. Alvin W. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Dr. Weinberg borrowed Dr. Hammond and set him up at Oak Ridge. Thus the plan came to the attention of Admiral Strauss, at that time chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. All this genealogy is to show that it is no fly-by-night vision but a respectably engendered idea.

Instead of making a grab for these nuclear plants, which could reclaim the deserts of the region and solve the problems of the displaced Palestinian Arabs, the belligerents have continued to fight at the guerrilla level and now threaten to drag the Soviet Union and the United States into a confrontation that neither wants. Another reason for neglect of the Hammond-Weinberg-Strauss-Eisenhower plan has been the myopia of the U.S. State Department. Mr. Eisenhower called the plan to the attention of President Johnson, who termed it "constructive"; but to the State Department it was "premature" until the belligerents could reach a political settlement.

Last November, with a new administration approaching Washington, the State Department became somewhat more receptive to the idea, though still of the view that it should await a political settlement. But as one of the most pressing reasons for building the plants is that they

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would facilitate a political settlement, the State Department attitude merely gives spin to a vicious circle.

Now another obstacle has been thrown in the way of a Middle East accommodation based on plentiful water. Premier Levi Eshkol has announced that President Johnson, during his last hours in office, asked the Congress to provide a $40 million grant and an $18 million loan for the construction of a desalination plant in Israel alone. This proposal changes the entire picture. The plant might be powered by nuclear energy or oil, and it would have an output of only 40 million gallons daily, whereas the three plants that Admiral Strauss envisioned were to produce about a billion gallons daily, with the sites divided between Israel and the Arab states. If the Israeli plant is nuclear-powered, the Arabs will suspect that it will somehow produce plutonium for nuclear bombs. If it is oil-fueled, the cost of operation will be excessive, nor is nuclear power necessarily economical at this level.

No one contends that water and electricity alone will solve the problems of the Middle East; but what is now proposed is a travesty of the original idea. It would drive Jews and Arabs further apart, unstabilize the Middle East still more, and make the danger of an East-West confrontation even greater.

The Draft

General Hershey is probably the only person in government who consistently champions the Selective Service Act, and even he may have some midnight doubts about its fairness and wisdom. The case against the draft is, as Dr. W. Allen Wallis, president of the University of Rochester, has said, "about as lopsided as one ever meets in questions of public policy." Even so, some aspects of the act's unfairness are little noticed.

The New York Civil Liberties Union, for example, has charged that the United States Attorney in New York has displayed "unparalleled harshness and vindictiveness" in prosecuting alleged violators of the draft laws. In this issue (p. 176) we present a case, not mentioned in the New York press, in which records were tampered with, the better to assure the conviction of an alleged violator.

Dissatisfaction with the act is virtually universal. The platforms of both parties in 1968 promised to reduce discrimination and to shorten the period of draft vulnerability and uncertainty. Both expressed hope for an eventual change to a wholly volunteer service. The Democratic platform endorsed a random method of selection. Nine Senators, seven Republican and two Democratic, have asked the new Congress to abolish the draft. Our colleague, Ernest Gruening, offers an interesting proposal in an editorial on p. 165. The idea of "national service" has been widely debated (see *National Service: A Report of a Conference*, 1968, edited by Donald J. Eberly). Yet for all the dissatisfaction that has been expressed, the old road blocks are still in place: General Hershey and the chairmen of the Armed Services Committees of the Senate and House.

There can hardly be dissent from the finding that the present act is discriminatory and inequitable (see article by L. Brewster Jackson, p. 174 this issue). Part of the difficulty is that many opponents of the draft hesitate to draw the conclusion made obvious by that finding—the draft should be abolished. We agree with Dr. Wallis that the inequities are inevitable and are as likely to be aggravated as alleviated by formula selection or lottery selection. As he puts it, "the draft is immoral in principle, inequitable in practice, and detrimental to national security." And we agree with his further conclusion: "The first thing the new Administration should do is to start to stop it."

Udall's Last Stand

The conflict in the final days of the Johnson administration over proposed additions to the National Park System, though not devoid of personal bitterness, should be construed as more than a private matter between the President and his Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall. It involved the respective prerogatives of the Executive and legislative branches, and in particular the prerogatives of Rep. Wayne N. Aspinall (D., Colo.), chairman of the House Interior Committee. Udall lost. The outcome highlighted once more the awesome power of members of Congress who have ascended the seniority ladder to important committee chairmanships.

With an eye on the incoming Secretary of the Interior —Walter J. Hickel, Governor of Alaska and scarcely an ardent conservationist—Mr. Udall premeditated a coup which would set aside 7.5 million federally owned acres as national monuments. He got 384,500. He left office a disappointed man but with his reputation as a conservationist intact, even enhanced. Good intentions are not enough in such situations, however, and the fact is that Mr. Udall made a number of tactical errors. He underestimated Mr. Aspinall's power and also underestimated Mr. Johnson's desire to effect a smooth transition between administrations. And he tried to force Mr. Johnson's hand, never a prudent maneuver.

The dispute revolved about the proper use of the Antiquities Act of 1906, which authorizes both the President and the Congress to establish national monuments on lands already in public ownership. The purpose of such transactions is to give areas so designated the protection of National Park Service management, thus barring hunting, grazing, logging, new mineral claims, oil exploration and commercial development generally. Moreover, a national monument is in line to be converted into a national park, although only Congress can make that final transition. Beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, Presidents have used the Antiquities Act to protect federally owned lands in this fashion. The custom was to do so only on a small scale. Mr. Johnson took advantage of the act only once during his five years in the Presidency: he added Ellis Island to the Statue of Liberty National Monument.

Mr. Aspinall has never been enthusiastic about the Antiquities Act. His view is that it should be used only in emergencies, and he had an understanding with Mr. Udall to that effect. That he was not to be trifled with is indicated by the fact that a 5,000-acre tract of Chesapeake and Ohio Canal land, which was set aside by President

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Eisenhower, has still received no appropriation for development as a national monument. When Mr. Aspinall heard of Mr. Udall's plans—embracing not 5,000 acres but 7.5 million—he telephoned the President's office to say that the President could do what he liked, but there would be no appropriations. Hence the reduction from millions of acres to a few hundred thousand. If precedent is a guide, Mr. Aspinall's committee will not approve funds even for this limited allocation.

Some conservationists hope that Mr. Aspinall can be persuaded to approve the original Udall plan, but now they also have Mr. Hickel to reckon with. Possibly Mr. Hickel will wish to brighten up his public image by asking President Nixon to add all this acreage to the existing national monuments. He will still have Mr. Udall on his back, though not in an official capacity. Udall will be chairman of the board of a newly formed international consulting firm, The Overview Group, which will work for governments and industries "to create a better environment for man." Before their disagreement, Mr. Johnson praised his Secretary of the Interior as the symbol of the New Conservation. It was not an exaggeration. All who wish to see as much as possible of America the Beautiful remain in the public domain will wish Mr. Udall better luck henceforth. And they will also keep a watch on Mr. Hickel's operations.

Thailand Cash Register

If, after months of diplomatic wrangling and years of killing, torture and demoralization, the United States should settle its accounts in Vietnam, the activities which paid off so poorly there may be transferred to nearby Thailand. There we can get ourselves bogged down even more thoroughly, thus giving well-paying jobs to more Americans, both civilian and military. Thailand borders on Cambodia, Laos, China, Burma and Malaysia; it is within easy sailing distance of South Vietnam, and of course even closer by air to both Vietnams. This last circumstance explains why we have been in Thailand for several years with our military airports and, at present, 60,000 of our nationals, of whom 47,000 are military personnel.

The Thais are a proud people with a long history of independence, but they could not resist the lure of American money, which is spread all the way from the earnings of Thai bar girls to the sumptuous rewards of the Thai business and political elite. Being proud, the Thais resent the crop of Amerasian babies and, even more, the insults of such U.S. commentators as Jack Anderson, who inquired in a recent article: "Are they robbing us blind in Thailand?" (Both the Thais and the resident Americans are doing precisely that, but the Thais feel it should not be stated so bluntly.)

Still, it must be said that we are trying to improve our relations with the Thais. In *The Washington Post* (January 20) Stanley Arnow reports from Bangkok that we are studying the Thais with all available means, including computers. A dozen or so research firms, employing nearly 200 American specialists, spend some $11 million a year in Defense Department subsidies on various projects in Thailand. Since it was deemed necessary to conduct such studies to parallel the U.S. military build-up in Thailand, and since the State Department lacked funds for the purpose, Defense took over. Among the results is a book titled *The Blue Book of Coastal Vessels;* it consists mostly of pictures of Thai fishing boats and cost $100,000. In another project, a former Oakland policeman who now works for the Stanford Research Institute (no connection with Stanford University) undertook a $280,000 project to test infrared photography in the detection of Communist guerrillas in southern Thailand. (The guerrillas are in the north.) This researcher became a buddy of the exiled Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, who will be remembered as the CIA's protégé in Laos. Phoumi aspires to recapture Laos—naturally with American help.

Volunteers for Vietnam

One of the most urgent pieces of legislation for the 91st Congress to enact is a drastic reform of the Draft Act. Such action is essential to lessen the unrest that afflicts our nation.

Despite the hopes engendered by the Paris talks, the war goes on. Our casualties continue to mount. They now exceed 30,000 killed in combat, several thousand more from causes incidental to their presence in Southeast Asia, and more than a quarter of a million wounded, some of them horribly crippled for life. The draft calls continue undiminished. Considering the widely divergent settlement proposals of our adversaries and of our own government, to say nothing of those of the present South Vietnamese government, it is by no means improbable that the fighting will continue, perhaps for a long time. The fact must be faced that the war is far from over. And it is infinitely tragic that while the peace talks are under way men continue to die, the destruction of war continues in Southeast Asia, and we postpone any real coming to grips with our vital domestic problems.

In the course of my Senate service I twice sponsored amendments to the Draft Act to provide that no draftee should be sent to Southeast Asia without his consent. These efforts failed, receiving only two votes—those of Sen. Wayne Morse and myself. Yet the logic of such an amendment seems to me compelling. The draftees are the only Americans in our armed forces compelled to serve in a war which many of them consider totally unjustified and immoral—a view which I and an ever increasing number of Americans share. It is infamous that draftees are obliged to choose between killing people against whom they feel no grievance—and perhaps being killed or maimed in turn—or refusing to go and incurring imprisonment for years and the ruin of their civilian lives. No one should be subjected to such a dilemma. Their comrades who enlisted may also detest this war, but they committed themselves to go wherever they were ordered. The draftees made no such decision.

It is my view that enactment of such an amendment would not impair our military strength. I believe that perhaps half of the draftees would choose to serve in Vietnam. But the effect on nation-wide unrest would be

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calming and beneficial and in line with Sen. Edward Kennedy's statement in connection with his bill to amend the Selective Service Act that "the hallmark of a free society is a pervasive spirit of individual freedom and choice," and that "in contrast, the hallmark of a closed society is compulsion." I was deeply disappointed that not more of my "dove" colleagues supported my amendment, particularly in view of their emphatic criticisms of the inequities of the existing draft. Senator Hatfield, for example, declared in the *Saturday Evening Post* (July 1, 1967), that it is "inherently unfair, monstrously inefficient and pernicious in its invasion of the individual liberty that eight generations of Americans have fought to preserve"; and further that "we are long overdue in ending this invasion of the liberties of our young men."

Sen. Edward Kennedy on March 28, 1967, introduced a bill to revamp the Selective Service System which was co-sponsored by Sens. Case, Hart, Kennedy of New York, Mondale, Nelson, Tydings and Yarborough. After extensive hearings, Congress took no action and the inequities which he and his colleagues deplored continued.

The remedies they proposed through revised methods of selecting draftees seemed, and still seem, to me beside the point. The draft for this war is itself the monstrosity and inequity. While there is in Congressional circles and elsewhere much talk now about "no more Vietnams" and about a volunteer army for the future, it is the immediate and continued slaughter in Southeast Asia, with all the other deplorable concomitant effects, which calls for prompt remedial action. Talk about future reforms is escapism from the urgent current need. Either of two reforms of the Draft Act would meet the situation for the duration of this war—the one I have proposed or one that would allow conscientious objection to a particular war. The latter seems to me the less practical. Since there may be a time when our country is really attacked and when our security and vital interests are threatened—as they were at Pearl Harbor but are not in the present Southeast Asian involvement—conscientious objection to a particular war appears to me less desirable. But enactment of the other proposal would go far to diminish the spreading bitterness and unrest among our young men, and would bring comfort and relief to the hearts and minds of millions of Americans. ERNEST GRUENING

DANGER ON THE JOB

THE VIOLENCE OF OMISSION

RALPH NADER

Mr. Nader has made a national reputation as a champion of consumer interests. His first published pieces on auto safety—"The Safe Car You Can't Buy" (April 11, 1959), "Fashion or Safety" (October 12, 1963), and "The Corvair Story" (November 1, 1965)—appeared in this publication.

The chief forms of domestic violence that afflict American working men and women are motor vehicle crashes and occupational accidents and diseases. The toll in death and injury from either of these utterly dwarfs the violence committed in street crimes. But while the nation is properly concerned about such crime, it ignores almost completely the far greater death, injury and wage losses on farms, in mines, factories and open-work areas such as construction sites. Consider one comparison out of many that could be cited: all the urban riots in this country during the past three years have led to about 260 dead; each working day brings death to fifty-five workers, disabling injury to 8,500 and lesser injury to 27,200. Every year, 14,000 to 15,000 workers die, more than half a million are disabled by occupational diseases, more than 2 million are disabled by occupational accidents, and more than 7 million are injured. And even these figures understate the situation, because death from prolonged exposure to toxic chemicals or particulate matter—asbestos, beryllium, carbon monoxide, coal dust, cotton dust, cancer-causing chemicals, dyes, pesticides, radiation, etc.—is rarely recorded. There are six reasons why the death and injury figures fall short of the facts—reasons which must be recognized publicly before significant progress can be made to reduce worker injury and disease:

I

Industrial firms have long made it a practice to play down the injuries and diseases experienced by workers. In the first place, the definition of what constitutes an injury is decided by an industry-dominated body called the United States of America Standards Institute. Second, companies go to considerable length to avoid reporting a lost-time injury—not only to keep their insurance rates down but to hold their standings in safety competitions. For example, a worker in a Jones & Laughlin steel plant received a groin injury; he was taken off his usual job and placed in a chair where he sat doing nothing for two weeks. Most blue-collar men can tell similar stories.

II

Plant physicians surrender to or are constrained by corporate dictates as to the exercise of their medical judgment and right to publish in the professional literature. A case in point involved the late Dr. John Zalinsky, a physician at the Brush Beryllium plant outside Cleveland, who wanted to publish in a medical journal his cases of beryllium poisoning (without mentioning their names). He was told that if he did so, he would have to look for another job.

Dr. Lorin E. Kerr of the United Mine Workers Welfare Retirement Fund, an authority on coal workers' pneumoconiosis (popularly called "black lung"), has spoken sharply on the subject, denouncing

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the attitude and influence of employer-oriented physicians who avoid facing known facts about the ravages of coal dust in human lungs because to do otherwise would cost money. The impact of physician knowledge and attitudes is apparent in inaccurate or incomplete death certificates. These documents are essential for determining the existence of a dangerous dust requiring governmental action for control or eradication. Too often no records mean no action. Physician denial or avoidance of known facts can also determine the publication of information. In 1956 the concern of some physicians about management attitudes effectively blocked the publication of a paper of mine on coal workers' pneumoconiosis in the most widely circulated medical journal in the United States. One can only wonder how many times other medical information vital for the protection of the health of workers has not been published for the same reason. Physician attitudes also influence other groups such as company lawyers, state legislators and officials who, all told, are remarkably resistant to the elimination or control of coal dust because it would cost money.

"Black lung" affects at least 150,000 active and retired miners; 2,000 men die of it in Pennsylvania every year.

III

State safety laws and regulations are weak, inspection is poor, and penalties are rarely imposed. The states spend an average of 40c per worker per year on health and safety; Texas and Oklahoma spend 2c per worker per year. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, of the 1,524 state inspectors in the whole country, 697 inspect boilers, elevators and mines, leaving only 827 for general safety inspection, construction, safety promotion and education, health and industrial hygiene. (Almost twice as many fish and game wardens—about 3,000—are employed by the states to look out for wildlife.) Four states employ no safety inspection staff in any area, and seventeen other states have ten or less men on their safety inspection staffs. More shocking is the fact that only three states employ specialists in the area of occupational health and industrial hygiene.

IV

By and large, union leaders have been far too pliable when confronted by management's indifference to worker health and safety. Too often, health and safety conditions are used as trade-offs at the bargaining table for more tangible wage gains. This has been the case, for example, with the United Mine Workers' leadership; it has finally become verbally aroused over the plight of their workers, but is still less than determined to reform working conditions in an industry that treats coal miners as less valuable than coal. Union leaders simply do not give high priority to health and safety; their failure to lobby aggressively for the proposed Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1968 cannot be covered up by resolutions and resonant statements for the record—after which they resume their industry-indentured past.

V

The federal government has not met its responsibilities by assigning adequate funds for research and training programs in occupational health and safety. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) has not grasped the importance of this problem, of the need to develop preventive systems and competent medical and engineering personnel. HEW's advocacy has been weak from the start and recently the occupational health activity in the Department has, if anything, been downgraded. The one area where HEW has received some consistent funding ($5 million since 1953) has been for research on the causes and prevention of coal workers' pneumoconiosis,

but there has been little to show for it, apart from a prevalence study completed three years ago. Western Europe spends twenty times as much on research into the coal-dust disease area, and its control measures are years ahead of legislation in this country, which does not even have uniform coal-dust standards to enforce.

VI

The Workmen's Compensation system in this country —its coverage, benefits and deterrence—is creaking with obsolescence. A thorough inquiry is needed and serious thought should be given to national uniformity. For example, "black lung" is not considered "work related" by the compensation laws of any states, except Pennsylvania (1965), Virginia (1968) and Alabama. Its shattered victims, spitting up coal dust, struggling for breath, afflicted with emphysema, massive fibrosis or enlarged heart, are denied workmen's compensation in the mining states of West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois. And in Kentucky, according to the state's Department of Labor, about 1,400 of the 2,000 mines licensed to do business fail to comply with the Workmen's Compensation Law for mine injuries other than "black lung." Yet the present Governor and his predecessor have not considered "law and order" to be applicable to coal operators.

Where does the National Safety Council fit into this pic-

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ture of suffering and indifference? It does no service to hide the fact that the council's industrial members and constituency take a strong interest in how far it presses its aims in the occupational health and safety area. That interest, to use a mild word, placed the council in a difficult position in 1968, when the Occupational Safety and Health bill was defeated. Some observers believed that the council retreated from a relatively positive position on the bill in February to a statement a few months later more in consonance with industry preferences and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. The council's independence has been similarly compromised in other safety areas. If it is to be true to its aims and principles in the area of occupational health and safety, the council cannot continue to ignore at least some of the above noted problems that obstruct progress toward more humane working conditions.

THE DRIFT TOWARD DOOMSDAY

Blind Strategy of Missile Defense

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Here is a little experiment worth a few minutes' amusement. If you have access to a lecture audience, a classroom full of students or even a packed cocktail party, put the following question: "Did you know that anti-ballistic missiles intended to destroy incoming nuclear missiles all have nuclear warheads? They are, in effect, atomic bombs, some of which are designed to be exploded by us above our own territory. Now, truthfully, did you know that?"

I have been asking this question of various audiences composed of college-educated adults or of bright young undergraduates, and always find that more than half of them had been unaware of this basic fact. Nothing bespeaks more devastatingly the absence of that informed public opinion which, according to the *theory* of democracy, can best exert a reasonable check upon the excesses of poorly conceived policies. Arms strategy remains an arcane preserve which most Americans are willing to leave to the military, to the games-theory analysts and defense intellectuals, and to hawkish Congressmen busy building their quick careers.

It is against this background that, on the suburban outskirts of Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, New York and many other cities, the ABMs are about to be installed. Thus begins the first phase in the "deployment" of the "thin" anti-ballistic-missile defense system. During the next few years we shall be able to watch that system thicken—unless the whole process is checked by reason and an outraged citizenry.

To date, only two basic arguments against ABM have become clear even to those few among the attentive public who have tried to keep informed. (They are largely members of peace organizations or academics or both.) The first is that the system is doomed to technical inadequacy: anti-missile missiles may destroy some incoming bombs; but, with the masking made possible by "dummies" and with the inevitable development of multiple warheads, they cannot greatly reduce the scope of nuclear devastation.

The second and even simpler argument against ABM heard these days, particularly from small groups of anguished suburbanites living near the proposed ABM sites, is: "How can we be sure the damn things won't go off accidentally?"

The question of locations has grown a little sticky, particularly around Chicago, where an active group of anti-ABM nuclear scientists in the suburban Argonne National Laboratory has been able to put its concern across to some of the neighbors. But the mills of defense establishment public relations grind exceeding heavy, and the apparatus of public briefings, endorsements elicited from local notables, etc., may succeed in calming the tempest in this suburban teapot.

Whether ABMs can go off accidentally—or whether, as the defense establishment insists, they embody perfect fail-safe systems—is an urgent question. But the very urgency confines both sides of the debate to a superficiality which ignores further consequences of ABM that are as calculable as they are disheartening.

These deserve to be examined not only because of the immediate importance of the issue but also because such an analysis demonstrates yet again one of the most depressing open secrets of our time: our conceptual and military cold warriors, despite their elegant applications of systems theory, have attained to a level of intellectual incompetence matched only by their hubristic excess. In no way is this more evident than in their characteristic unwillingness to think about the social and political consequences of innovations in weaponry.

What any competent graduate student in any of the social sciences could tell them is that actions which alter previously stabilized arrangements have secondary as well as primary effects, that they "make waves"; and that the waves now about to spread out from the mounting of the Sentinel ABM system will lap upon many shores. Not only will they alter the arms policies and aspirations of other nations; they will also influence the political relations among those nations and the very quality of the lives lived by their citizens and ours. There is good reason to conjecture that in its ultimate influence ABM may move us a few giant steps backward from those once millennial, but now essential, goals—the lasting pacification of in-

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ternational relations and the humanization of modern existence.

In both first- and second-strike capabilities, the United States has had a considerable edge (sometimes estimated as high as 4 to 1) over the Soviet Union and, of course, a far vaster edge over China. Any attempt to widen that advantage still further "destabilizes" the already delicate balance of terror by which mutual deterrence is supposedly achieved. That is the basic reason why the Soviet and the Chinese Governments, which probably rely as heavily as ours does on the advice of military intellectuals, are quite likely to answer the erection of our ABM system with a considerable increase in their assault capability. They will do so not only by improving the technology whereby dummy missiles and multiple warheads can confound our PAR (perimeter acquisition radar, the detection subsystem of the Sentinel network) but also by ordering a sizable increase in the number of armed missiles they can direct at us.

This will strain their resources, but they will be running on an inside track, because it is a basic fact long since acknowledged by our own strategic planners that the price for any degree of ABM protection exceeds what the opponent must pay to offset that protection with increased assault power.

Former Secretary of Defense McNamara (who was surely not usually a critic of the defense intellectuals but rather their creature and patron) testified in February, 1965, to this very effect before the House Armed Services Committee:

> At each successively higher level of U.S. expenditures, the ratio of our costs for Damage Limitation to the potential aggressor's costs for Assured Destruction becomes less and less favorable for us. Indeed, at the level of spending required to limit fatalities to about 40 million in a large first strike against our cities, we would have to spend on Damage Limiting programs about four times what the potential aggressor would have to spend on Damage creating forces, i.e., *his* Assured Destruction forces.

Toward the end of his incumbency McNamara finally yielded and made a notably lukewarm recommendation that the $5 billion "thin" ABM system be deployed. The game had been won by a team composed of the Joint Chiefs, some of their "intellectual" courtiers, the hawkish Congressional contingent and the defense industry complex. And somewhat in the Soviet style, the leading opponent of the chosen policy, despite his late recantation, was soon sent packing—though surely also for a few other "sins," incurred by his occasional penchant for worrying in public about where the defense establishment that he headed, but never truly controlled, was really taking us.

If one is less entrapped in the closed system of defense theory than were McNamara and his band of whiz-kids, one quickly gets beyond the single problem they were able to discern. That it won't work and commits us to a competition in which we spend much more than our opponents is the least of the difficulties posed by ABM. More chilling by far are the probable effects on the actions of elites and the opinions of publics both here and abroad. The arms policies and strategic theories of the three great powers and their allied states are reared upon an essentially paranoid axiom: one must conceive the worst the opposing power *could* do and then operate on the assumption that, if unchecked, it *will* do it. This assumption forces certain "prudential conclusions" (the term is borrowed from the lexicon of modern strategic analysis) upon the policy planners of Moscow and Peking.

The first, as already suggested, is that they must counterbalance the possible limited effectiveness of ABM by increasing their first- and second-strike capabilities. This expansion, according to some informed opinions, has already been set in motion, though it probably could still be canceled if, even at this late date, we were to abandon our ABM plans. But there is no present prospect that we will do so, and the attempt of the Communists to counterbalance by increasing their offensive capability will no doubt be vigorously pushed forward.

Unfortunately, both for the managers of the Communist world and for those people everywhere who hope for universal, gradual disarmament, a counter-escalation by the United States and its more dependent client states may be expected to follow in short order. From the empowered hawks and hard liners who have managed in the past to override the claims of reason that have sometimes weakly issued from the Arms Control and Disarmament agency, we must expect a two-pronged advocacy. They will certainly demand (indeed the rumblings have already been heard) an expansion of ABM to the full $40 billion package for which plans have already been drawn; they will also call for further increase in the number of our ICBM assault missiles, further hardening of their emplacements, further development of sophisticated penetration aids and multiple warheads and also, perhaps, for increased reliance upon the non-nuclear weapons of biological warfare.

The Nixon Administration may yield rather easily to such claims, for during his successful campaign the new President made much of his intention to reverse what he saw as a disturbing lag in our military readiness. Whether his perception is truly that clouded—or whether he was adopting a variant of John Kennedy's rather cynical "missile-gap" campaign ploy of 1960—remains obscure. Much less in doubt are the President's earlier history as a favored and favoring friend of the military establishment, and his appointments (crucial in themselves and symbolic of the new Administration's general orientation) of a leading Congressional hawk and a baron of aerospace industry to command the Department of Defense.

Thus with the coming erection of the Sentinel ABM system, the United States will probably incite a new arms race that will rapidly spiral upward and outward, drawing in not just the three great powers but many other states that must also seek what passes for security within the rules of the mad game forced upon them by the giants.

Perhaps Churchill spoke the true intent of Western leaders when he asserted during the early phase of the cold war, that "we arm to parley." But the more likely con-

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sequences of the new nuclear arms race heralded and provoked by ABM will be in the opposite direction. The sometimes halting, but often productive, U.S.-USSR negotiations at Geneva, from which came the nonproliferation treaty, cannot continue to prosper against a background of mutually distrustful escalation. Instead, with the mounting of ABM and the ensuing escalation race, those military and strategic specialists of both nations who have long opposed arms limitation agreements will have effectively achieved their purpose.

Almost every conceivable immediate and long-range effect of their victory must be entered on the debit side of the ledger of hope and despair. And those potential debits are almost as easy to demonstrate, to any but the proudly blind strategists and the policy makers they have bewitched, as is the inner logic of a simple syllogism. Among the many such effects is the psychological—or, one might say, perceptual—changes that will be induced in Soviet and Chinese policy makers as they ask themselves what ABM really means and what their American opposite numbers are up to. Since they are just as committed as the American theorists to the search for prudential (that is, pessimistic) conclusions, Soviet analysts will be aware of this *possible* meaning: Our military and intellectual hard liners have succeeded in getting a "pre-emptive," first-strike nuclear assault listed as an option that the United States will elect under certain crisis conditions.

What would lead them to this interpretation? Their most compelling consideration would be the apparent belief of our military planners that an ABM system (particularly one as vast as the $40 billion one that is already being advocated) could possibly limit damage to some degree. Of particular importance would be the strategically obvious fact that the American ABM, if thought capable of working at all, would be counted on by our military experts to achieve more against a retaliatory second strike than against a pre-emptive first strike. Soviet strategists would have to attribute this conclusion to the American planners because they know, as we do, that the main targets of an American pre-emptive assault would necessarily include Soviet hard, as well as softer, ICBM sites. The indestructibility of hard missile installations is, of course, assumed rather than convincingly demonstrated—and a pre-emptive attack would probably destroy a number of them and also hamper the communications and computer networks by which they are guided to target. Soviet analysts will conjecture that *our* analysts have reasoned that an impaired Soviet second strike could be limited still further at the receiving end by our anti-missile defenses. From this, their reconstruction of our thinking would suggest that we have estimated the price we would have to pay for destroying the Soviet Union as high but acceptable.

The Soviet analysts may think their American counterparts wrong in this estimate (almost all independent American technical experts think them wrong), but the suspicion that such an estimate lies behind the erection and expansion of the Sentinel system is enough to alter Soviet arms and diplomatic policy for the worse. Indeed, it could very well be enough to force *them* into considering a pre-emptive first strike at some future time when the two nations stand "eyeball to eyeball" at some coming Mideastern or European crisis. Thus our move toward a probably unworkable and wasteful defense system will not only foster an increase in Soviet assault capability but also will increase the lure of a Soviet first strike against us.

It is even more probable that an ABM defense will encourage the more apocalyptic members of our own military establishment to think about—and ultimately to advocate—a first strike against Russia. For, whether or not it provides any real protection, the expanded Sentinel system, once in place, will infect some of the hard heads under brass hats with the fantasy that exchange of nuclear attacks might end in an American "win," rather than in mutual obliteration.

Of course it can be argued that even under these conditions neither the United States nor the Soviet Union would lightly court the risk of doomsday—and thus the "delicate balance of terror" will continue. One may hope so, may even think it probable. But the probability has nonetheless been weakened by ABM and will be weakened still more by the immediate effects of ABM upon American and Soviet planning. And, since balance of terror has always been extremely delicate at best, it is a weakening that true prudence cannot allow.

Many other calculable consequences will flow from the ABM-initiated drift toward escalation of arms and of international distrust. And most of these will increase the probability that the unthinkable (about which the strategists of powers, great and small, are thinking all the time) will nevertheless prove doable. Still other consequences of ABM and of the escalation to follow will promote dehumanization and social injustice in a world which already has its full share of such burdens.

In the first category, here are just a few additional possibilities that the strategists should be brooding about, but which they have put aside with the special *sang froid* that is the hallmark of their style:

¶The explanation of Sentinel offered by Pentagon spokesmen is that it is designed to defend us against the small ICBM assault that will be within Chinese capability by the mid-seventies. In Peking this explanation is bound to stimulate the hypothesis that in certain situations we would be prepared to obliterate China, and thus are readying ourselves to deflect the small, but still potentially serious, retributive damage it could inflict on us. Also, it may suggest that we have entered into, or are considering, a collusive anti-Chinese agreement with the Soviet Union. If China entertains these theories (and, again, the "prudential" standard will so require) it could hardly attempt to placate us by becoming less provocative. Despite effusive anti-American rhetoric, China has challenged us nowhere in recent years, except by its logistic and propaganda support of North Vietnam and the Vietcong. A more likely Chinese response would be to reduce our intimidating power over them (and thus resist whatever claims we may make upon their national purposes) by placing Southeast Asia and even India in jeopardy. They should be able to do this soon and rather easily. It requires only that medium-range thermonuclear missiles (which China already possesses and is continuing to

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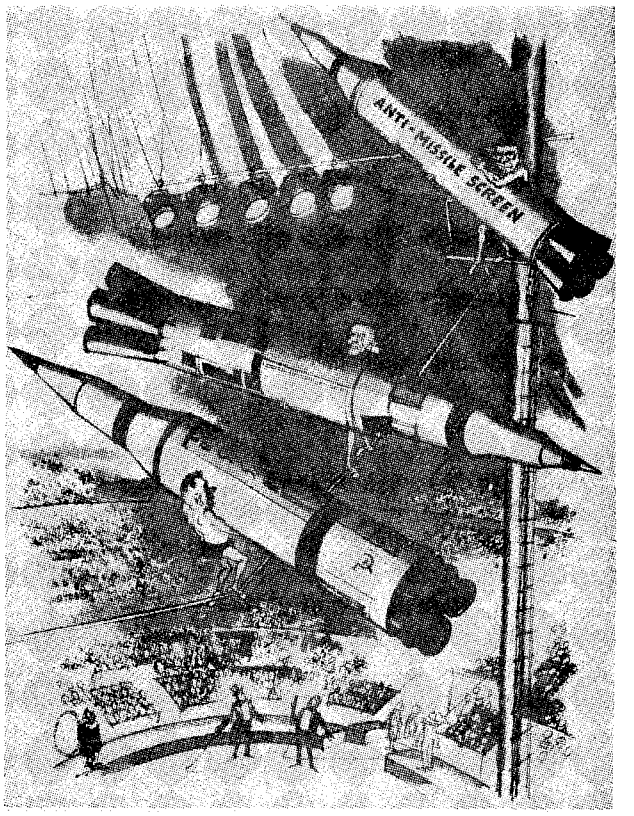
build) be poised on the Chinese borders and pointed toward Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and India. The consequences in further Southeast Asian instability and in the possible ignition of planet-wide immolation are as obvious as they are dismaying.

¶For a while in the acting out of the deterrence-based cold war there seemed to exist this tentative understanding between the United States and Russia: If the game of thermonuclear chicken did lead into a hot war, they would, at least in the first exchange of assaults, try to destroy each other's missiles rather than the cities and their populations. ABM pushes the Soviets away from that option and toward the counter-city strategy—or at least toward a mixed strategy which programs both kinds of targets. It does so because Sentinel places both the intercept missiles and some major components of the radar detection network on the peripheries of a number of our major cities. Two targets for the price of one is a lure that few military planners, shortsighted and aggressive enough to have earned their red or gold stars, would be able to resist. ABM, then, makes the destruction of our cities more tempting to the potential enemy than it would otherwise be.

¶Advocates of ABM have sometimes argued that it would discourage proliferation of nuclear arms among the many nations who now are technically capable of joining the club. It is likely to have the opposite effect, for it is bound to suggest to NATO states and other restive allies of the United States that we plan to take better care of ourselves than of our friends. They need not be convinced that ABM is certain to work; their military will persuade them that it *might* work. And that, combined with enthusiastic support and pressure upon Washington from the American defense industry, should be enough to generate public enthusiasm for providing our client states with ABM systems of their own. But the scenario would not end with an unarmed Norway, West Germany or Australia lurking behind its own small and easily penetrable Sentinel system. As Robert Rothstein has argued, in one of the few truly clear-eyed analyses of the damage that ABM will do:

> The costs [of setting up ABM systems for allied states] would be very high, not least in the sense that promising or providing a nation with an ABM system may be the first step toward its acquiring offensive nuclear weapons —on the uncertain but not implausible presumption that an ABM system without a complementary offensive capability is as unsatisfactory as entering a battle with a shield but without a sword. Moreover, the problem of defending against an MRBM (medium-range ballistic missile) is almost insuperable, given their limited flight time, and especially if they are delivered in number. Hence, the pressure for offensive weapons as a deterrent will be heavy. (*Foreign Affairs*, April, 1968.)

Thus ABM is the latest instance of America's impressive talent for setting the left hand against the right, for allowing the military to undermine virtually any arms-limiting opportunities that our few and harassed peace planners may have been able to initiate with other nations. Rapid expansion of the list of signatories to the non-proliferation treaty was one of the best lingering hopes for an international resort to restraint. That hope will now be



Norman Mansbridge, Punch

significantly weakened, if not shattered, as the cranes begin to gouge out the suburban holes into which the ABM missiles and radar and computer facilities are to be implanted.

Meanwhile, what will be happening back home—in families, schools, cities, the economy and our minds? The domestic effects of the full ABM system now loom darkly as new potential injuries to human sensibility and fulfillment. And, to thrust the knife of pessimistic social realism still deeper, many of these consequences will also tend to feed back into the strategic problems I have already discussed—that is, apart from their debasing influence upon the quality of American life, they will also further heighten the risk that we and our antagonists will lose control of the deterrence game and slip into devastating local wars or into full thermonuclear annhilation.

The following are a few of the more obvious dangers —and, again, they appear to have been neglected both by the strategic-military theorists when they conceived the ABM caper, and by the governing hierarchs of Congress and the White House when they consented to it:

¶Even the strategic analysts can now perceive the Vietnamese-American war to have been a mistaken investment. (Its immorality concerns them not at all; their approach, as they see it, is "scientific," and they must remain "value free.") Gradually the war will be closed out. If possible, there will be some saving of American face and perhaps some temporary lease on dwindling power for the Saigon regime; but "counterinsurgency warfare"—a strategic innovation as ethically degrading as it was militarily unfeasible—will have been discredited. The money

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spent on it in Vietnam (more than $30 billion last year) would, in a rational system, be put to other, nonmilitary uses.

However, by the inner dynamic which governs the lives of institutions grown too vast, too powerful and overstaffed, the American military establishment is now seeking new ways to expand, rather than reduce, its hoggish slice of the budget. The thin Sentinel system is the immediate answer; the thickened system is already advocated as the great promise of the near future. An overall return to flirtation with thermonuclear *Götterdämmerung* will pass for strategic inventiveness and adaptability when new appropriations are being rammed through Congress.

Already the premonitory signal has been sounded by spokesmen for the Pentagon and the large cabal of hard liners in Congress, and has even been hinted by the Bureau of the Budget itself: the coming Vietnam cutback must not be counted on to reduce military funding needs —arms development and modernization will, on the contrary, require an increase in military spending.

Thus our cities will remain as neglected as they have been during the great fiasco of the overcelebrated and underfinanced War on Poverty. And as they continue to sink into disorder and despair, the polluted air ringing with the anguish and anger of blacks and others who lack the homes, the schools, the jobs necessary for their hope and for the nation's redemption, the distant policy elite will be serving the citizenry by pouring even more of its wealth into re-energizing the great game of international paranoia. It seems truly doubtful that the escalation of human misery and bitterness that will be caused by the coming arms escalation can long be sustained. Thus ABM will not only exact vast human cost from the socially neglected; it will move us still closer to the detonation of full domestic conflict, which threatens us far more meaningfully and deeply than an imagined Chinese nuclear assault.

¶Almost no members of the general public seem yet to have realized that the full Sentinel system will require a vast new program of shelter construction, directed toward the ostensible goal of being able to put the country temporarily underground whenever necesssary.

As early as 1964-65, when they were beyond the research and development phase with the Nike system (the far less ambitious and partially installed precursor of Sentinel), the military were already insisting that both "active" and "passive" defense were required. "Active defense" means ABM missiles; "passive defense" means shelters.

It is more than likely that the military will soon be openly advocating a multibillion-dollar allocation for the fitting out of natural shelters (deep basements of public buildings, subways, etc.) whose locations and capacities have already been surveyed, for the construction of thousands of new public shelters and, probably, for stimulating further construction of private ones.

In part, this will be a response to the continuing anguish of some of the older Manhattan Project physicists, and to the plans and recommendations drawn by research groups that they dominate. Eugene Wigner and Edward Teller, among others, have urged shelter building on the ground that we must do whatever we can to reduce the fatalities of a nuclear assault. That shelters will not adequately protect the sheltered, particularly when they emerge into a poisoned devastation, is a consideration to which these advocates turn a deaf ear.

But for the military and the cool civilian strategists who advise them, humane concern is somewhat beside the point. They have another set of reasons for building shelters into the overall ABM plan: passive defense will put off and deflect future public protest against the Sentinel system, and it will enhance the "credibility" of our resolution to go beyond the brink and into full thermonuclear war, if necessary.

Supporting this position are certain technical data as to the damage that ABM, if used, will do to the population and plant it supposedly protects. Spartan and Sprint are the two missiles to be employed in the Sentinel system. Spartan is a long-distance device whose explosive power is in the megaton range (at least fifty times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb). However, according to Defense Department publicists, Spartan missiles cannot hurt us. What makes them so benign is that they will intercept incoming ICBMs high above the atmosphere and thousands of miles away from the urban ABM sites. Thus neither blast nor radioactive fallout will reach the earth. Of course it is not beyond conception that a Spartan might detonate prematurely, perhaps only 1 or 2 miles above the earth and only a few miles upwind from a major city.

In any case, Spartans sent aloft to destroy an incoming wave of ICBMs will not destroy all, or even most, of the assault missiles. Even our military spokesmen acknowledge this. Therefore, the next phase of our defense requires the short-range Sprint missiles. They will wait till the last possible second before firing—for the longer one tracks an incoming ICBM the greater the chance of knocking it down. Thus the Sprints will detonate in the lower atmosphere, directly above the cities on whose suburban peripheries they are based.

The Pentagon assures us that Sprints are merely in the kiloton range, most of them being less powerful than the Hiroshima bomb; and since they will be detonated at a height of 5,000 feet or more their fireballs should not return to the ground. What is not mentioned is that blast waves sufficient to destroy some buildings and most people who stand in the way will reach the ground; that rather deadly radioactive fallout will certainly descend upon our cities; and, most mortal in its consequences, that even if the fireball does not descend, enough heat can result to set whole cities ablaze and kill instantly all persons exposed.

The military will thus have drawn the conclusion that a vast shelter program could do a good deal to pacify domestic protest; at the same time, they will see it as reducing the doubts of Moscow and Peking that we would ever really use the Sentinel system. And this gain in "credibility" would also suggest that we are capable of committing a pre-emptive assault, thus improving our powers of intimidation as we pursued advantage in the international geopolitical contest.

That the reasoning is cockeyed—that sheltering is of

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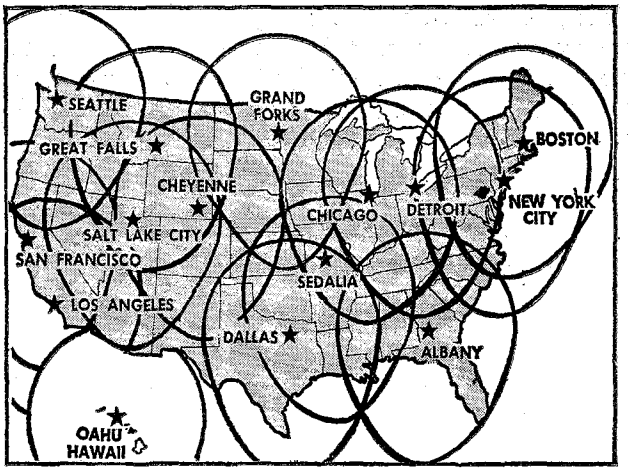

The National Observer

Areas To Be Protected by the U.S. Anti-Ballistic-Missile System

extremely limited protective value, that the strategists of other nations are likely to know this—will not stop the military from playing the game through. Commitment to a mad scheme reinforces itself and when the expansion of the military budget is also in sight, the faith can be maintained.

The sheltering of society presents a few problems that must be directly confronted. It can lead to a domestic war of "all against all" unless "protection" is distributed equally. The 1961 shelter craze, fostered by the Civil Defense Agency, rapidly regressed into an anguished national debate on when it was permissible to shoot the neighbor who tries to break into one's cave. Partly because of this, current planning stresses large public shelters—though they could never be vast or accessible enough to house the total population of a city under attack. Resentments bred of the inevitable discrimination against ghetto residents, suburbanites, people who work in the open, would probably escalate to a pattern of discord that would further disrupt our already conflict-wracked urban existence.

Once the shelters are built, drills in their use will become a ritualized aspect of school life. Children will then need to know why sheltering is required, why the "bad men" want to attack and destroy them. The answers given by their teachers and parents, by their comic books and TV programs, will all provide justification by caricaturing the potential enemy as unalterably hostile. A generation so propagandized will grow up to be a mass barely able to question the war-risking adventurism of its government or to resist the shaping of a garrison state.

Also, for both children and adults, no matter how inadequate shelters actually are, the fact that they exist will encourage much of the population to believe that it is protected against nuclear destruction, and this, like inflamed estimates of the enemy's hostility, will also increase general willingness to allow the wilder military and the more grandiose strategists to have their way with the nation and our lives.

How could such a monstrosity as Sentinel be conceived by the military-strategic establishment, and accepted by our government? What can be done, even now, to stop it? And how in the future can we prevent similar injuries to our national sanity and our fragile hopes?

The full story of the original advocacy of Sentinel is not available, but much of its promotion occurred in public view, and from that recent history one may draw some cautionary lessons.

Ever since the Dulles doctrine of "massive retaliation" was first proclaimed, the doomsday men (those who hold that peace can be maintained only by readiness to fight and "win" a full thermonuclear war) have occupied nearly all the top command and planning posts in the Pentagon. Some civilian officials within the Department of Defense have tried at times to temper the prevailing doomsday spirit, but their own investment in the elegant delusions of strategic analysis has inhibited them.

The main opposition to the forced march toward Armageddon has come from Congress, particularly from the Senate, where a few liberals have been willing to take on the military-industrial complex and cast doubt on its web of self-serving assumptions. But their efforts have usually been only delaying actions because they have not mustered legislative majorities. Resistance to military expansion—especially when the Joint Chiefs are urgently calling for new weapons systems—requires a bravery and intellectual effort that exceeds the grasp of most members of Congress.

The typical Congressman never yields more easily than when military experts offer "evidence" that a new system requested is a necessary answer to an initiative already taken by the potential enemy. In the case of Sentinel, the experts were able to wave two enemy initiatives before Congress—the beginning of a Chinese push to develop some ICBMs, and the fact that the Soviets had mounted an ABM system around Moscow and in their far northwest, and were expected to do the same at many other urban centers. That both these developments came after the United States had begun its own ABM research and development program was, for the moment, beside the point. Yet the balance of terror of which our strategists speak so proudly has never been balanced. Our considerable advantage over the Soviets in deliverable thermonuclear missiles, and our almost infinite advantage over the Chinese, have given them sufficient strategic reason to doubt our official assurances that we would never commit a first assault.

Any Soviet or Chinese strategist who failed to see a possible threat in the American ABM plan (which was already under development in the early sixties) and in the accompanying expansion of our ICBM stockpile, would have been derelict in his duty to brood as well and as long and as pessimistically as possible.

If the game is madly played on both sides, there is still some special madness in our insistence on staying far ahead of the Communist nations in destructive and "defensive" capability. And there is a special duplicity in the fact that our military manage to find unbearable threats in every attempt by the Soviets or Chinese to narrow the gap between our capabilities and theirs.

Indeed, the military and strategic publicists, as they

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ready themselves for this year's campaign for further Sentinel funds have already, by certain significant silences, added a few more achievements in disingenuousness to their rather impressive record. The fact is that over the last year and a half the Soviets have not gone one step toward thickening their very thin *Galosh* system; the ABM sites near Moscow have not been expanded and no others have been established any place else in the Soviet Union. And it is even more fascinating that the *Tallinn* system, originally described by our military as an ABM network across the Soviets' northwestern approaches, is now understood (according to Secretary McNamara's final report) to lack "any significant ABM capability." It is not, and never was, an ABM system.

Another relevant fact not often mentioned in Pentagon pronouncements is that last year the Soviets invited us to negotiate the mutual dismantling of ABM systems. We have yet to accept that invitation, though there are indications now of some ambivalent interest from the restaffed White House. That interest, if it exists at all, has not affected the high military. They and their Congressional allies know that one more giant step toward ABM will knock such negotiations out of consideration. The ensuing escalation race will not only destroy the prospects for an effective nonproliferation treaty; it will set the giant states on a collision course.

The urgent question, then, is what can be done to stop the Sentinel plan dead in its tracks, to freeze it as the Soviet ABM has apparently been frozen, and thus make possible international negotiations to dismantle and prohibit ABM systems? Happily, the tide just may be beginning to turn. Mounting suburban protests have energized and strengthened a number of Congressmen. And both in Congress and in aroused citizens' groups, attention is beginning to move beyond the issue of accidental detonation and toward the far more basic questions posed by the strategic-military nightmare through which we have been stumbling for so many years.

The occasion for a strong challenge on these matters is provided by the new national budget that will be processed by Congress in the coming months. Many opponents of ABM do not understand that Congress has thus far given only its tacit approval of the $5 billion thin Sentinel system. It did so last year by voting a total first installment of $927 million. In the budget request now before Congress the total Sentinel appropriation is $1,788 billion. The items for procurement, operations and manpower are all boosted, while research and development holds at the previous expenditure level, thus suggesting that the military are now eager to move as quickly as they can toward implementing the present plan.

But the full ABM budget for the next fiscal year must clear four different legislative hurdles, namely the authorization and appropriations bills for military construction, and the separate authorization and appropriations bills for the Department of Defense. Before these are acted upon there will probably be vigorous examination and debate in the Armed Services Committees of both House and Senate.

Last year some forty-six Senators voted against one or more of the four legislative tests of Sentinel. Senators Hart, Cooper, McCarthy, McGovern and even Symington are among those now hoping for a public mobilization of massive, overtly expressed, opposition to ABM. If they get it, there is a fair chance that Sentinel can be stopped. And if that happens it may yet be possible that disenchantment with the strategists and their military masters can be turned toward a long overdue and essential task—a fully public and critical examination of the paranoid ideational system that has corrupted the world's international relations between states during the first two decades of the nuclear era.

The obligation upon the thoughtful and more courageous members of Congress is great; the obligation upon the peace organizations, the relevant academics capable of analyzing the delusions of strategic lore—and upon all concerned citizens—is greater still.

'LITTLE GROUPS OF NEIGHBORS'

DRAFT BOARDS IN ACTION

L. BREWSTER JACKSON
Mr. Jackson is a staff reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ever since August of 1862, when President Lincoln sought by Executive order to raise 300,000 troops for nine months' service, the Selective Service System has survived in comfortable immurement, relatively untouched by any substantial opposition. But with Vietnam came a growing disenchantment over the draft, first by reason of its association with the war, then because the service itself seemed beset by more than its share of inequities and injustices.

Of late, numerous reports on the Selective Service System have pointed out that, though the need for a system of conscription may exist in principle, parts of the present draft machinery need substantial overhauling from the system that grew out of the Civil War and found its formal structure during World War I under Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. That the service tends to be biased and unfair is borne out in a recent study undertaken by two former consultants to the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service.

The report, considered to be the first comprehensive analysis of the Selective Service System, is called *Little Groups of Neighbors** after a phrase used by General Lewis B. Hershey, to describe local draft boards in his

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speeches around the country. The basic finding of the three-year study, compiled by James W. Davis, Jr., of Washington University and Kenneth M. Dolbeare of the University of Wisconsin, is that substantial inequities in induction criteria exist among draft boards from state to state, and even from one town to the next. Policy guidelines sent out by the system's headquarters in Washington are generally marked "advisory only," rather than being

specific and obligatory. Little attempt is made to supervise or inspect the actions of local boards, and these boards could not easily conform to standards of either procedure or performance. "Men with similar relevant characteristics are thus treated in widely different ways by various local boards across the nation," notes the report. "Nor is this result compensated for by other returns produced by the decentralization and local autonomy which have made nonuniformity the hallmark of the system."

Noting that the service has stubbornly resisted collecting any data on board members and registrants, the authors assert that the system is mired in outdated policies that rigidly defend its decentralized, locally autonomous form of organization. Unwittingly or not, the service's national headquarters has employed the rhetoric of a manpower shortage when, in fact, what has existed since the Korean War has been a manpower glut. "The most conscientious of local board members," they point out, "frequently have no basis for action other than their own understanding of the nation's or the community's interests in a particular situation, and their judgments are bound to differ in various contexts across the country."

Nonetheless, in spite of the autonomous nature of local boards, certain induction and deferment patterns do emerge, and indeed shape the character of the organization. Davis and Dolbeare contend that the surplus of American men who are draft-eligible is the cause of all the military manpower procurement problems of the late 1960s and 1970s. Simply stated, the problem is who shall serve and who shall not. By the early 1970s, almost twice as many 18-year-olds will be eligible as were during the Korean War. Yet military requirements—even during most of the war in Vietnam—have remained below the force levels of the Korean War period. "The key question under such conditions," notes the report, "is the combined ethical and practical issue of what standards should be employed in selecting the relatively few men who are to be inducted."

Thus the original intention of deferments—to maximize the efficient use of manpower resources—has been altered to reduce the pool of available men to manageable proportions. This change has been to the advantage of young men with relatively high incomes. Data from the Selective Service System itself shows that 40 per cent of all college graduates of age 26 have seen military service, compared to 53 per cent for those of lower educational levels.

Walter Y. Oi, a former manpower consultant to the Pentagon, has told the Senate Armed Services Committee that most college men in the past have fulfilled their military obligation by enlisting in the Reserves, while more than 75 per cent of qualified high school graduates served in active duty forces. *Little Groups of Neighbors* supports this statement with data showing that for periods of time only 2.1 per cent of all army inductees had a college degree.

And there are other advantages to a college education. University graduates have been able to obtain occupational deferments by a ratio of better than 10 to 1 over their counterparts with high school education or less. Until February of 1968, college graduates could easily continue their deferments by either going to graduate school or getting married and having children. Moreover, notes the study, "even if they [college graduates] do not suceed in avoiding service altogether, they are assured at least the opportunity to control the time of their service—an advantage not open to the non-college registrant—which may enable them to avoid service at times of greatest risk."

Though the national headquarters of the Selective Service System would hardly like to admit it, board members throughout the country agreed 47 to 40 per cent that registrants from poorer families are more likely to be inducted than registrants from the upper-income levels. "The margin of opinion is not great," as Davis and Dolbeare note, "but it comes in a context of a systematic argument to the contrary. In the light of our findings that deferment policies have indeed produced severe economic discrimination, perhaps we should wonder at the forty per cent who accept the official view."

Since World War II, another stated intention of the Selective Service has been to make its manpower demands without reference to religion or race. Recent reports from newsmen in Vietnam and from Negro leaders who have visited the fighting in that country, confirm that Negro and white soldiers eat, sleep, travel and fight side by side, existing in a relationship that may contrast markedly with what they have been accustomed to at home. As Stephen Ambrose commented recently in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, they even exchange off-color jokes with one another.

Yet, it has been pointed out that the operation of the draft and the relative racial mix of each of the armed services produce a more indirect form of discrimination. Ulysses Lee, a cultural and military historian at the Uni-

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versity of Pennsylvania, estimates that the proportion of Negroes in combat forces, especially in Vietnam, is higher by far than their proportion in the army, and that the disproportion of Negro fatalities is higher still. Citing current estimates from the Department of Defense, Lee says that Negroes make up nearly 20 per cent of the combat forces in Vietnam, about 25 per cent of the front-line noncommissioned officers, and more than 14 per cent of those killed in action (which is a drop of almost 10 per cent from the figure released by the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service in 1967).

Although Negroes do not appear to be drafted any more frequently than whites of the same economic level, Davis and Dolbeare find, Negroes as a group are far more draft-vulnerable because they generally come from the lowest income levels. Moreover, they qualify for specialized training less frequently than whites and therefore end up far more regularly in front-line duty. And though the enlistment rate is lower for Negroes than for whites, the Negro re-enlistment rate far surpasses that for whites. In 1965, for example, Morris Janowitz, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, states that first-term reenlistments of white soldiers was 17.1 per cent, while for Negroes it was 45.1 per cent.

In several states, particularly those in the South, "there may be evidence," according to Davis and Dolbeare, "to support charges of deliberate inductions of Negroes, particularly in the case of civil rights activists." Perhaps in an effort to respond to such criticism and to broaden the ethnic and racial base of local board membership, the Selective Service System announced in November, 1968, that minority groups have been acquiring seats on local draft boards at the rate of about one out of every five new openings in the last year. From September 1 to November 15, a period of seventy-five days, ninety-nine Negroes were added, for a total of 921 Negroes on local boards. Before

Which Memo? The Odor of Fraud

CLAUDIA DREIFUS
Miss Dreifus is a free-lance writer who has worked as a union organizer and labor editor.

A case that came recently before the Federal Court in New York should have been routine: a young man had refused to step forward for induction because he considered himself to be a conscientious objector. These days "draft dodgers" are common, but this case is noteworthy for the fact that the prosecution appeared to be relying on fraudulent documents.

In 1966, Antonio Fargas was sent a notice to report for induction into the U.S. Army. Upon receipt of his "greetings," he immediately applied for conscientious objector status. After a hearing, New York Local Board #5 decided to refuse Fargas' request. Recording the rejection in an official memorandum on June 9, 1966, Local Board member W. A. Tucker wrote:

> Said he had been C. O. all his life. Although did not mention this in Questionnaire dated 8/24/64. Form #150 received, interviewed at length. No consideration given to C. O. Registrant to report for induction as scheduled.

Antonio Fargas refused induction and in December, 1968, his case came up for trial.

"The backbone of our case," according to civil liberties lawyer Victor Rabinowitz, "was the question of the maturing of Antonio's beliefs. Courts had ruled in several previous cases that a draft board must determine whether or not a registrant actually had a change of conscience since the receipt of his draft notice. We built our whole case on the fact that Fargas' board said nothing on the matter."

Rabinowitz was therefore shocked when he received the D.A.'s trial brief and found quoted there a memo—dated June 9, 1966, and signed by W. A. Tucker, but utterly different from the memo in Fargas' S. S. file. (The local board had provided the defense with Fargas' complete Selective Service file.) The D.A.'s version of the memo said, in part, that "there has been no change in registrant's status resulting from circumstances over which registrant had no control since issuance of induction order."

It struck Rabinowitz that this wording in the D.A.'s memo conformed to the requirements of the *Gerry* case, a landmark in draft law, which was handed down some four months after the June 9 date on the memo. Furthermore, the original memo contained an official stamp; the D.A.'s document did not. And a close examination revealed that the two versions of the memorandum were typed on different machines. "I was just flabbergasted," said Rabinowitz. "It looked to me as though someone had either switched or altered important evidence."

Rabinowitz wasn't the only amazed man in court that day. A flustered D.A. asked for an immediate postponement of the trial. The presiding judge, Justice Frederick van Pelt Bryan, ordered the D.A. to return in two days with a good explanation as to what was going on. When the trial resumed, the federal prosecutor moved to dismiss the entire case. And as a kind of bonus to Rabinowitz, the prosecution offered to dismiss a second of his draft cases, also involving a registrant at Draft Board #5.

"Nothing doing," said Rabinowitz. He objected to dismissal on the ground that the odor of fraud should be tracked down. Judge Bryan's initial impulse was to say that the U.S. District Attorney's office was clearly not responsible for the irregularity.

"Not so clear," snapped Rabinowitz. "We do not have any idea who is responsible."

To unravel the mystery, the judge ordered Asst. Dist. Atty. Andrew Lawler to make a complete investigation of the situation and to return promptly with an explanation. Several weeks have passed, but he has not yet returned to court.

Says Attorney Rabinowitz: "No one knows how many young men are sentenced and convicted every day on the basis of tampered evidence. We were just lucky to find this little 'discrepancy' and we hope that the Fargas experience will alert draft-age men to look at their legal papers very carefully."

As for Antonio Fargas, neither Uncle Sam's Army nor the penitentiary has as yet been able to fit him for a uniform. He can be seen every night in *The Great White Hope*, a Broadway play in which he has a featured part.

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October 20, 1967, only 481 local board members were Negro. However, the number of Negroes on boards in Southern states remains relatively low, with Alabama, Florida and South Carolina having acquired their first Negro members this year. There are still no Negroes on Mississippi draft boards.

The total membership of the 4,100 local boards throughout the country rose from 17,232 in October, 1967, to 18,004 in November of last year, an increase of 772, which the Service says was made to deal with the growing population. The 1967 Draft Law removed the statutory ban on women board members, and since then 101 have been appointed. Also, Spanish-American representation increased from 456 to 530, American Indian from twenty-three to forty-four and Oriental from forty-one to sixty-three.

The absence of clear standards and of relevant information frequently prevents local boards from identifying deferment areas with greater precision. For example, it has been found that in some areas board members, for want of better guidelines from headquarters, have fallen back on evaluations of a registrant's personal appearance or choice of words in a letter. The Department of Labor has issued a Critical Skills List, but it is said that until last February, local boards did not bother to refer to the list and most did not consider themselves bound by it. "Most clerks had heard of the list, but neither they nor their boards had found reason to make use of it. Instead, [deferment] decisions were based on board members' newspaper reading, individual assumptions or private prejudices."

Thus the National Advisory Commission on Selective Service found that half the registrants given occupational deferments by local boards were in neither a critical occupation nor an essential industry, as defined by the Department of Labor. Not that a consistent deferment policy would by itself produce draft equality. "No matter how consistently the draft is administered across the country," concludes the report, "as long as there is a student deferment followed by occupational deferments, under conditions of a manpower surplus, there will be lower rates of service from the upper income levels of the society."

Although there is, of course, no official indication of this, it is also suggested that deferments for students, fathers and those with particular skills—in essence, all those that might potentially challenge the system—may be intended to maintain public support for Selective Service. Davis and Dolbeare say: "To put it bluntly, deferments may have protected the draft and the Selective Service more than they have protected the nation's manpower."

Further, because the service seeks to retain the allegiance of local board members and state political structures, it has avoided any significant attempt to control local board policy, the belief being that conscription will be condoned where local management is assured. This theory, it is said, stems from past experience when rural populations dominated urban populations. Today, however, urban dwellers outnumber their rural counterparts by almost 3 to 1, some local boards have more than 50,000 registrants, and there is less weight in such "grass-roots" reasoning.

Statistics compiled by Davis and Dolbeare in 1966 show that nearly half of the men who serve without pay on local boards are more than 60 years old, about 22 per cent are more than 70 and almost two-thirds are war veterans. On typical local boards there are three veterans (one a veteran of World War I), one member more than 70, and only one less than 50. Most of them are proprietors, managers, officials or professional men. Though only 12 per cent of the male population older than 25 has been through at least four years of college, according to the

1960 census, more than 30 per cent of local board members have that amount of education. However, less than half of the almost 10,000 board members in rural areas have been to college at all, and less than 25 per cent of these hold degrees.

It has become difficult to recruit new board members and the system therefore encourages long service. Thus draft boards, particularly those in more rural areas, become so much a part of the community that members may find themselves granting deferments as personal favors or inducting persons as a matter of community punishment. "What board members share with the controlling elements within their jurisdictions is the same occupational and class status and values; they participate in similar activities and may be personally known to key employers and major activists within the community." To indicate their special status within the community the report notes that approximately two-thirds of all local board members hold some form of public office during their lives.

General Hershey has repeatedly resisted the suggestion that a set of national standards be established for the guidance of local boards, but *Little Groups of Neighbors* reports that many local board members believe they should follow some rules. Of the local board members who were asked if they would prefer more specific state and national directives, 46 per cent said they would favor more orders in regard to occupational deferments, 40 per cent said they would in regard to student deferments, and 29 per cent said they would in regard to hardship deferments. The authors rarely found a member who would prefer fewer directives. Yet board members appear to want

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it both ways; 78 per cent agreed that the local discretion granted them by national headquarters is invaluable in dealing with individual cases.

The draft is one of the most hotly contested subjects on high school and college campuses today, but Americans in general are not inclined to find its machinery unfair unless they or their children are personally threatened, and then only when they have made a substantial investment in education or a career. In addition, the National Opinion Research Center found in a 1964 study for the Department of Defense that the threat of the draft was of little concern to more than 80 per cent of those interviewed who had limited if any plans for study beyond high school.

Davis and Dolbeare found in Wisconsin, for example, that despite the information available on the Selective Service System, few have more than a superficial knowledge of the system's fairness; or, indeed, how the system works at all. Generally, the older the person interviewed, the more he supports the draft and the less he actually knows about it. And one of the report's most revealing findings in Wisconsin is that most of the persons who thought the draft fair also thought that local boards were acting on strict orders from national headquarters in Washington.

BRAZILIAN STORM WARNING

FRANCIS B. KENT
Mr. Kent, a Latin American correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *has just transferred from Rio de Janeiro to Mexico City.*

Rio de Janeiro

Baffled and hurt by increasing signs of opposition, Brazil's military government has overreacted in a manner typical of military regimes in this part of the world. It has swept away summarily what remained of the democratic process in this largest and most populous of Latin American nations. [See "Brazil: The Tanks Roll" by Warren Dean, *The Nation,* January 6.]

Whether the generals will be able with unlimited power to achieve the elusive goals of stability and progress remains to be seen. What seems to be more likely is another round of experimental groping, with unpredictable results. Civil rights have been suspended, Congress was ordered into an indefinite period of recess, the press has been placed under censorship, student spokesmen have been arrested, and political leaders antagonistic to the regime are in exile, in jail, under close surveillance, or placed in a Brazilian form of limbo which removes them from every political activity (including voting) for ten years.

In the weeks ahead, however, the generals will be faced with decisions far more distressing than whether to move against this or that individual, group or institution. There is the sorry state of the economy; there is the rising resentment of the Roman Catholic Church because the regime has failed to effect social reforms, and there is the still unresolved student revolt.

The four and a half years since the military take-over have produced a measure of economic progress. Most of this improvement, however, was achieved under Marshal Humberto Castelo Branco, who was installed immediately after the 1964 revolt, and Roberto Campos, who was given extraordinary latitude in running the Ministry of Planning. Prices and wages were controlled. The cost of living increase was slowed from more than 100 per cent per year to less than 25 per cent. Imports were limited and exports were expanded. U.S. aid poured in at the rate of more than $300 million a year.

Since Costa e Silva's inauguration in March, 1967, the government has been subject to drift and indecision. Grandiose plans have been advanced, but little has been accomplished. Tax collections have not met expectations. The balance of payments deficit has increased, and a whopping budget deficit is forecast for the year ahead. After the generals' December power grab, the United States announced that the entire aid program was being subjected to review.

Washington voiced concern, too, at the treatment accorded two American priests as part of the military's awkward effort to silence an increasing growl of clerical discontent. Fathers Darrell Dean Rupiter and Peter Albert Grams, members of the Oblate order with headquarters in St. Paul, Minn., were arrested and held for more than a week in Recife, then expelled from the country.

Three French priests remain under arrest at Belo Horizonte. Three others were held briefly at Santos, where Bishop David Picao was detained for interrogation before seeking refuge in the home of the papal nuncio here in Rio.

The military view is that the liberal wing of the Catholic Church has exceeded its role by speaking out for accelerated efforts to redress Brazil's glaring social injustices. Among the most uninhibited church spokesmen has been Dom Helder Camara, archbishop of Olinda and Recife, who has compared the lot of the northeastern *campesino* to that of a cactus. He has been joined frequently by his fellow bishops in the publication of manifestoes calling for armed insurrection, if necessary, to bring about sweeping changes in Brazil's social structure.

Much of the church has aligned itself with the university students who came within an ace of provoking a popular revolution last year. Until August, when many of the student leaders were arrested near Sao Paulo for attending a convention of the outlawed National Students Union, the students had rioted in the streets of Brazil's major cities, paralyzing commerce and bringing on violent clashes with the authorities. More than once, the army was called out to restore order with tanks and machine guns. The students were led for the most part by professional leftist agitators, some of whom had been trained in Cuba. That,

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however, does not make their grievances any less real.

A professor at Rio's Catholic University recently described the university machinery as "rotten, old, indolent and in many cases contaminated by corruption and incompetence." Professors are paid as little as $100 a month for a full class load. In a nation of 90 million people there is room for scarcely 200,000 in the universities; thousands are turned away each year. Student disorders, a phenomenon by no means restricted to Brazil, seemed particularly justified here.

In the weeks immediately after President Costa e Silva's suppression of the opposition, Brazilians showed little inclination to protest. The beaches of Rio were crowded and conversation in bars and coffeehouses was mainly of soccer. This, though, was the holiday season, which here is accompanied traditionally by a general slowdown in all but social activities. It will continue, if custom is observed, until after the pre-Lenten carnival of mid-February.

It is much too early to judge whether a spate of Finance Ministry decrees will help to strengthen the long-ailing economy. Already, though, some segments of the business community are beginning to bridle at new regulations. There is no evidence that the Church will move to silence its more outspoken opponents of the military, and there is nothing to indicate that the students will settle down quietly behind their books.

Moreover, there is no way to measure the extent of opposition to the government within the military itself. But it is incontestable that such opposition exists, based on the conviction that the role of the army is to protect the constitution, to intervene when necessary, but to return to the barracks at the earliest possible opportunity. Officers of this persuasion, up to and including the rank of colonel, are known to have been in touch with former President Juscelino Kubitschek and Carlos Lacerda, former governor of Guanabara (Rio), prior to their arrest. The number and depth of conviction of these officers could be the factors that shape Brazil's future.

WHITE LABOR, BLACK LABOR

THE FOMENTED CONFLICT

LLOYD L. BROWN

Mr. Brown, who was a CIO organizer in the 1930s and a founding member of the Negro American Labor Council, belongs to the Typographical Union. He is writing a book on social trends in the black community.

Is America faced with another "irrepressible conflict," this time between the black community and organized labor? Many voices say yes, and many hands seem to be working to bring about the collision. As a Negro American and a trade unionist, I am alarmed by this development; it threatens not only the equal rights movement and the unions but all prospects for social progress.

There are today, as there always have been, grounds for Negro antagonism toward the labor movement. The union button has never been a charm to shield its wearer from the virus of white supremacist ideas incubated in the culture of the upper class. The American labor movement, for the most part, has never accepted the old radical insight that white labor cannot be free while black labor is chained.

Despite its sins against racial equality, however, the union movement has been more hospitable to black Americans than other institutions in our racist society. Labor has a larger interracial membership than any other group, uniting in common interest, if not in brotherhood, some 2 million black workers with 16 million other workers.

Moreover, the continuing and inexcusable failure of the AFL-CIO executive council to put its professed policies of racial justice into practice, and the snail's pace of labor's self-reform are not the main factors behind the present sharp rise of anti-union sentiment in the black community. The main cause is to be found in the propagation of a new social doctrine—that organized labor is now the main barrier to black liberation, and the propagators of this new faith belong to four distinct orders. They are the big business missionaries to the ghetto, the black separatists, the liberal friends of the deserving poor, and the left-wing white advocates of black segregation. I shall deal here only with the first and most important group, merely describing the others in passing.

The black separatists, like their white racist counterparts, are anti-union on principle, opposing all interracial association as the worst of evils. The branch of liberalism that embraces the new creed is composed of middle-class people of good will who believe that labor is now big business, that white workers are rich, and that the only deserving poor are black. The white left-wing supporters of the new doctrine, having despaired of the working-class revolution, update Marx to read: Labor in a black skin can get its rights only by taking away the rights of labor in a white skin.

The big business missionaries, to return to the group which is the main sponsor of the doctrine, are the "thousands of businessmen across the nation [who are] getting involved in the struggle to restore social cohesion," as *Fortune* magazine noted in a special issue (January, 1968) devoted to "Business and the Urban Crisis."

"The struggle to preserve property" might have been a more accurate way to put it, since it has been noted often, and correctly, that the violence of ghetto outbursts has been primarily directed against property. "The term 'Negro revolution' must be taken seriously," one of *Fortune*'s

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writers warns, "because its present battleground is at the level of the city."

This writer, Max Ways, outlines for big business the trail-breaking role of advancing the Negro revolution through a "national triple alliance" of the corporation, the city and the Negro (in that order). Noting that "the more congealed liberals . . . continue to doubt that business can be the agent of the kind of social advance that is needed," Mr. Ways assures his readers that "the leaders of the government of the U.S. believe it. Negroes believe it. Business is the one important segment of society Negroes today do not regard with bitter disillusionment." (One can imagine a "Triple Alliance" demonstration marching under the slogan: "No Corporation Chairman Ever Called Me A Nigger!"

The corporate missionaries to the ghetto have been plastering whole cities with their motto: "Give a damn." They will give *that*—but no more than that. The real giving, it is made plain, must come from another source. Here's how one of these agents of social advance puts it:

"Union concepts of security and seniority were formulated in the period of struggle between company and union. Now the struggle is between the Negroes and the unions. It is our position that a basic conflict exists between labor-union concepts and civil-rights concepts. Something has to give."

This clear statement of the new "basic-conflict" doctrine, also quoted in the special issue of *Fortune*, comes from John Doar, president of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Development and Service Corporation, which aims to cure the ills of one of America's most impoverished slums by building black capitalism there. Mr. Doar is also president of the New York City Board of Education, to which he was recently appointed.

His remarks appeared in an article, "The Case Against the Unions" by Thomas O'Hanlon, which offers various recommendations to insure equal rights for Negro workers. The primary proposal is this: "The union hiring hall must be eliminated. Unions still control an estimated two million jobs through such arrangements. Employers should be free to hire any qualified worker."

Mr. Doar's notion that "the period of struggle between company and union" is a thing of the past can only amuse the two sides. But his statement that labor-union concepts and civil rights concepts cannot coexist is more than a total misstatement; it is an invitation to total disaster.

There is nothing complex about labor-union concepts, the basic elements of which can be stated in a single sentence: A union, comprising the workers in a given industry or craft, bargains with the employers and by negotiation, backed up by an implied or direct threat of strike, obtains a contract for a designated period of time that establishes wages, hours, working conditions and various fringe benefits; specifies the prerogatives of both parties, and provides grievance procedures to guarantee compliance.

All other labor-union concepts are details flowing from that basic concept. For example, none of the contract benefits would profit an individual worker if he were not protected from arbitrary dismissal—the job security rules mentioned by Mr. Doar. A seniority system is likewise indispensable; without it, arbitrary dismissal could be effected simply by reducing the work force by one man or by not rehiring a man after a seasonal layoff.

Pat Fink

"Always 'The House that Jack Built'—Jack Senior, Jack Junior, Jack III"

Since the abolition of job security and seniority would make union membership worthless, no union could continue to exist without these safeguards for its members. The protection of trade unionism, achieved by many generations of working people of all races and nationalities, is not "something" that "has to give." It is something that can be taken away by no force short of a Fascist dictatorship.

Labor-union concepts not only are not opposed to civil rights concepts, they *are* civil rights concepts applied to industry. When workers are excluded from union membership because of race or color, labor-union concepts are violated, just as the concept of democracy is violated by racist practices.

No one would destroy good housing that bars Negro tenancy or ownership. The obvious corrective action is to

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remove the barriers and let the Negro family move in. More unionization, not dismantled unions, is what the black worker needs. The job security and seniority rules are even more necessary for the Negroes now in unions than they are for other members. Last to be hired and first to be fired was the established rule for Negro industrial employment under the old, open-shop system; to the extent that the rule has been weakened, credit belongs to the unions. Indeed, the very term "due process" that unions stress in cases of dismissal comes from the Fourteenth Amendment, enacted to protect the rights of former slaves.

As for the recommendation that hiring halls be abolished, it happens that there are large numbers of Negroes in those industries where the hiring hall is established—maritime, longshore, hotel and restaurant, for example. Any attempt to abolish this system, under which everyone can see who is hired and for what job and whether fair-practice rules are followed, would elicit the bitterest opposition from the Negro members.

Advocacy of so-called right to work laws that ban the union shop comes from the most reactionary sections of the society—the same sections that are the most racist. The black worker knows better than anyone else the great difference that exists between a "right to work" state like Alabama and a largely unionized state like New York when it comes to job opportunity and pay.

The big business missionaries to the ghetto need not rely on church dinners and "mission Sunday" collections to keep them going. They have access to the tax-exempt billions of the great foundations with which to promote various programs among the desperate poor of the slums. To the most affluent "haves" it must seem very canny to promote the idea that the "have nots" can get what they need only from the "have a little bit mores." But the program sponsors would do well to realize that vandalizing the House of Labor would definitely not advance social cohesion. On the contrary, a fratricidal conflict between white labor and black labor would turn the urban crisis, which now threatens only property, into an urban civil war that would destroy everything.

HARRY GOLDEN

I have met Harold Howe two or three times. He is a tall, handsome man in his early 40s, born and bred in North Carolina. For several years he has worked out of Washington as the Director of Education for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Recently he resigned this post. He resigned because the South was raising so much hell about his insistence upon enforcing the law. Mr. Howe was not consigning federal funds to schools that refused to integrate.

The joy that greeted his resignation bordered on the obscene. Newspaper editorials thrilled to his departure as they would thrill to an armistice. In a letter to the *Charlotte Observer* one correspondent went into ecstasies over the revelation that Howe was really a Yankee (he is not).

When he became an administrator, Howe swore to uphold the law. That he found it impossible to do so indicates again the intransigence of the South, its blindness, its predilection for living wholly within the terms of its self-created myth. Southerners still believe that somehow they can turn back the May 17, 1954 decision of the Warren Court that school segregation is unconstitutional. William Faulkner has said there are still Southerners who live as though the whistle hadn't blown that sent Pickett's men charging against the Yankees.

When the Southerners Pinckney, Gadsden and the Reverend Tennent came to the Constitutional Convention, they insisted on the constitutional proviso that guaranteed religious freedom. Gouverneur Morris questioned their concern. He pointed out to these men that Jefferson and Franklin were wholly in accord with the right of a man to worship according to his conscience. The Reverend Tennent replied that if the accord was unanimous what harm could it do to put the law on the books. And on the books it went.

The Southern Methodists no longer had to disguise their churches nor did they have to include within them a fireplace in which to secrete their prayer books if an Anglican sheriff appeared on the scene. The Presbyterians no longer had to conduct their seminary classes below ground.

The South exercised a great influence on the framing of the Constitution. Now the South conveniently chooses to forget this history. Morals follow the law. Negroes are working in the cotton mills of North Carolina today in jobs formerly held by white men. They work there not because of a new blossoming of Christian charity, nor because of gradualism, but because of the law: in this instance the Kennedy Equal Opportunity Directive which threatened to withhold federal contracts from mills that practiced discrimination.

Perhaps the intransigence of the South is due to the fact that, because they helped write the law, these people feel they can unwrite it or disobey it, when the occasion so moves them.

Presumably the successor to Harold Howe will also take an oath to uphold the Constitution and all its laws and then the Southerners will wait for *him* to resign when their elected Representatives begin to bring pressure. It is too bad about Harold Howe, a public servant in whom the South should take great pride.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Heady Past of Futurism

RUSSIAN FUTURISM. *By Vladimir Markov. University of California Press. 467 pp. $12.*

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

Futurism in Russian literature was a plethora of jaunty, irreverent, youthfully boastful experimental groups whose presence manifested itself around 1910. Experimentation in the arts, new departures, radical revisions of aesthetics were very much in the Russian air at the time. Almost anything seemed possible. The sweeping renaissance in poetry, brought about by the Symbolists some fifteen years earlier, was still maintaining its momentum. Andrei Belyi and Remizov were bringing wondrous new dimensions to the Russian novel. Stravinsky had produced *Petrushka*, and a schoolboy named Sergei Prokofiev had appeared as a soloist in his own hammering and dissonant First Piano Concerto. Cubist and Italian Futurist paintings were bought and imported by wealthy merchant barons, works on *avant-garde* art theories avidly translated and studied. Malevich, Larionov, Natalia Goncharova, Kandinsky, Marc Chagall and numerous others were doing the freshest and most independent painting ever done in Russia.

Many of the young Futurist poets had training in the graphic arts and were eager to devise the literary equivalents of Cubist and Suprematist discoveries. Many of these poets had police records for participating in illegal demonstrations and other subversive activities against the Czarist regime. The radical and liberating trends in the arts of the early 20th century seemed to these painters and poets the harbingers, or perhaps the embodiment, of that sweeping social, political and moral revolution for which most of the Russian intelligentsia yearned, the premonitions of which were expressed poignantly in Chekhov's *Three Sisters* and, with unprecedented power, in Aleksandr Blok's poetry of the preceding decade.

The Moscow Cubo-Futurist group, led by David Burliuk (later known as an American painter), set out to shock and scandalize the bourgeoisie, the press and the literary establishment. They drew pictures of animals on their faces, dressed outlandishly (Mayakovsky's famous blouse of yellow necktie silk), and issued publications with titles like *A Slap in the Face of Public Taste* and *Candied Rat*, in which they demanded that Pushkin and Dostoevsky be "jettisoned from the ship of modernity" and attacked such successful, but to them conventional, writers as Gorky, Bunin and Leonid Andreyev. Their turbulent public readings, their stormy tours of the provinces made good copy, and the sensationalist press of the day made them nationally famous before they had created anything of artistic value. Very soon, however, the sudden celebrity proved very much justified as such enormously gifted Cubo-Futurists as Velimir Khlebnikov, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Benedikt Livshitz and the originator of the "trans-sense" language, poet-theoretician Aleksei Kruchonykh, developed into poets of undoubted power and originality.

If some of the Cubo-Futurist behavior of that period seems reminiscent of the American cultural scene of today, the parallel activities of the St. Petersburg-based group of Ego-Futurists, led by Igor-Severyanin, are even more recognizable. Severyanin combined sentimentality, bathos, ultra-modernity and misuse of foreign words in ways that would easily qualify as high camp had it been done today. He was the master of the pseudo-elegant literary put-on, but the general public as well as some distinguished poets and critics of the time were taken in. Severyanin became the greatest matinee idol in the history of Russian poetry; not until Yevtushenko, his direct descendant who took Severyanin's campy attitudes at face value and solemnly revived some of them, did a Russian poet match him in popularity.

There were other Futurist groupings that deserve to be known: the Mezzanine of Poetry, for instance, or the Centrifuge among whose founders were such important poets of the Soviet period as Nikolai Aseyev and Boris Pasternak. In the years immediately preceding the revolution, Futurist poets, both major and minor, generated such creative momentum, introduced so many fresh themes and approaches, experimented so successfully with form and with language that they not only mapped out just about every discovery and innovation introduced into Russian poetry since their time but they drastically altered the very course of that poetry.

Established poets, such as Andrei Belyi, Marina Cvetaeva and Osip Mandelstam, evolved new styles under the impact of Futurist techniques and imagery. From the 1920s to the 1960s, whenever distinctly original young Russian poets appear, they invariably turn to the Futurist tradition for inspiration. The underground mimeographed journals which flourished in Moscow a few years ago (but which have since been exterminated and their editors imprisoned) featured poetry derived from Khlebnikov's verbal flair, surrealistic imagery and anarchic inner freedom; Severyanin's presence is felt in the more "with-it" Soviet poetry of today, e.g., Voznesensky's "Striptease," while Pasternak and the Futurist-influenced period of Cvetaeva are the models for many of the more serious and worth-while younger Soviet poets. And yet the Futurist movement, one of the most significant and momentous phenomena in Russian literature of our century, is today little studied, understood or even mentioned outside of footnotes to scholarly studies.

While most of the Futurists were eager to serve the revolution once it came about, they were eventually allowed to do so only at the cost of reverting to themes and techniques they had revolted against in the first place. Some committed suicide, some perished in the purges of the thirties and some became drab and simplistic party-lining hacks. All serious study of Futurism was doomed after 1935, when Stalin, in a wildly out-of-character reversal (comparable to Nicholas I authorizing performances of *The Inspector General* or Khrushchev's permitting Solzhenitsyn to be published) decreed that Mayakovsky was the finest poet of the Soviet epoch and made the study of this poet compulsory. Since by then Futurism, along with all other 20th-century trends and techniques, was declared "formalist," "bourgeois" and "decadent," a vast body of Soviet scholarship and popular biography arose, dedicated to denigrating and minimizing the achievement of the freest and most revolutionary of Russian literary movements and proving that Mayakovsky, one of the founders and leaders of Futurism, was in reality alien and hostile to it.

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"Futurist" is a term of opprobrium to recent Soviet generations. The young poet Vadim Delone (Delaunay is probably a more correct spelling of his French name), who was given one of the stiffest sentences for the Red Square demonstration against the invasion of Czechoslovakia, must have prejudiced his case incalculably when he attempted, some months earlier, to publish a letter complaining of harassment by the authorities for belonging to a neo-Futurist literary group. The official reaction can be imagined if one thinks of an American colonial poet in Cotton Mather's New England admitting his membership in a neo-Satanist club.

Thus the first thorough and detailed history of Russian Futurism was published in the United States. Vladimir Markov, a Russian-born scholar who teaches at UCLA, has for two decades asserted the paramount importance of Futurism for modern Russian poetry in his articles, his anthologies and in his monograph on Khlebnikov. He has now amassed the documentation to venture a full-scale investigation of what precisely Futurism was. His book is an eye opener. Whole vibrant, fascinating buried layers of Russian cultural history are revealed for our inspection. Pasternak, Mayakovsky, Aseyev and other much studied poets are seen in their true historical perspective for the first time. The biographies and discussion of the work of neglected or forgotten Futurists (Elena Guro, Khrisanf, who later became the French abstract painter Léon Zack, the ill-starred Benedikt Livshitz, et al.) make exciting reading and several of them are sure to be rescued from oblivion as a result of Markov's book.

The book is handicapped by occasional sloppy editing, careless translations of Russian texts and a somewhat impenetrable first chapter, with its downpour of unfamiliar names and facts. But the reader who gets beyond that and into this beautifully printed and illustrated volume (the chapter heading designs are fantastically apt and clever) will be rewarded by pages that will tell him more informative, absorbing and entertaining things about Russian poetry and culture than anything published within recent memory. The book should open a new era in our understanding of modern Russian poetry.

COMMUNION

To say what has to be said here
one must literally take off one's clothes.
That I will do. Now that I am naked,
you have seen these nipples
this navel and these thighs
and black beard of my manhood.
All this you will admit
is not unexpected. I am
of my own kind
and my heart beats.
I have brothers.

DAVID IGNATOW

The Adventurous Life

HISTORY OF MY LIFE. *By Giacomo Casanova. First translated into English in accordance with the original French manuscript by Willard R. Trask. Harcourt, Brace & World. Vols. 1 and 2 combined; Vols. 3 and 4 combined; Vols. 5 and 6 combined. $7.50 each.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism, *recently published by Basic Books.*

What is known about Giacomo Casanova, Venetian adventurer, maybe bastard son of the patrician Grimani and the gifted actress Zanetta Casanova? There survive a file of police records scattered across sixty years and all the European countries; a voluminous correspondence; a sympathetic description written by his friend in late life, the Prince de Ligne. Like fingerprints, these prove the man's existence, little more. But then, toward the end of his life, humiliated by old age and suicidally unhappy as librarian at the chateau of Dux in Bohemia, Casanova decided to write his memoirs. By living his life again, as he wrote it, he would avoid having to live it out to its feeble end. "Remembering the pleasures I enjoyed, I renew them and I laugh at the pains which I have endured and which I no longer feel." For Casanova, his memoirs became a second lifetime and he lived it with the same flourish and elegance that marked the first.

He wrote thousands of pages; the history of more than half a century, drawing on his remarkable memory, as well as on personal notes, letters, biographical fragments, jealously preserved through a lifetime of sudden exits. The result is what Edmund Wilson has rightly called the most interesting memoirs ever written. Indeed, Rousseau, Stendhal, even Augustine, must take their proper place, a half step behind this greatest of storytellers, Giacomo Casanova, the Chevalier de Seingalt, as he took to calling himself at some mid-point in his wandering existence.

Casanova was not a man of ideas. Of the Enlightenment, with its confidence in reason, and its passion for social justice, he had only a dilettante's notion and an aristocrat's disdain. He saw the falsehoods, the corruption, the cruelty of his society as clearly as did Rousseau, yet he chose to celebrate that world—and himself as its most versatile character. With the eye of a man who needed to be shrewd in order to survive, he describes the flamboyant politics and the charlatanism of Venice, Paris, Madrid, St. Petersburg, London and places in between. Above all, he celebrates people; the memoirs are studded with lively portraits. He describes dozens of love affairs with barmaids, countesses, actresses. For the only democracy Casanova acknowledged was the democracy of love, and in pursuit of love he moved comfortably between worlds, solving all social distinctions in the adventure of sentiment and erotic pleasure. Casanova was never bored by his love affairs. Each one was a fresh beginning, a kind of innocence, and he remembered each woman well enough to make her memorable also for us.

The fate of Casanova's manuscript has been as adventurous as the story it tells. The *History of My Life* surfaced for the first time in Germany, around 1820; it was part of the historical flotsam of a past which had already become dreamlike to the post-revolutionary 19th century. Rarely have so few years opened so wide a gulf in the imaginations of people. To have lived through the French Revolution was to have emerged into a harsh new dimension of space and society. For Chateaubriand, for example, it was like peering beyond the tomb into a remnant of what once had been life. In this atmosphere, Casanova's memoirs must have seemed to the proposed publisher a crumbling parchment out of Egypt. Brockhaus of Leipzig bought the manuscript for a small sum from a descendant of Casanova and published a modified version in German translation. This became so popular that Brockhaus soon decided on an edition in the original French. Made nervous by Casanova's frankness, however, he invited a certain Jean Laforgue, French professor in Dresden, to go over the manuscript, partly to correct imperfections of style, but also to cloak the erotic scenes. Laforgue went at his task with a vengeance. His version appeared in various cities over a number of years, as it fled the censor from Germany to France to Belgium. Casanova's fame for more than 100 years

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has been based on Laforgue's text, and it was not until 1960, when the Brockhaus firm, with the French publisher, Plon, decided at last to publish the original text, that one could appreciate what liberties the editor had taken.

In addition to correcting errors in grammar, Laforgue had devised a flowery veil of euphemisms for the direct language Casanova uses to describe his love affairs. The result was more prurient than the original descriptions, which have about them an almost chaste clarity. What is more, Laforgue inserted into the memoirs numerous passages which subvert Casanova's character and intentions. The most flagrant are those which attribute to him revolutionary sentiments when, in fact, he abominated the revolution and strongly yearned for a return of the elaborate decadence it had destroyed.

After having lain for 120 years in the Brockhaus vaults, surviving along the way Allied bombardment during the war and an odyssey on bicycles after the war, the original manuscript has at last been made public. Willard Trask has earned thanks for the excellent English translation, and Harcourt, Brace & World for these handsome volumes, complete with an excellent apparatus of historical and biographical notes.

Until recently, the truthfulness of the memoirs was considered on the whole to be doubtful. Some readers went so far as to accuse Stendhal of having written them in his spare time—a kind of fictional appendix to the *Souvenirs d'égotisme*. The reason for these suspicions is that the memoirs have always seemed too good to be true. No life could be so interesting, we inevitably suppose; no man could experience so much that is worth telling and then be able to tell it so well. So we accuse a novelist of joking with us: if not Stendhal, then some other literary adventurer, with a gift for words.

But the archives have at last emerged. The "Casanovists," a persistent band of literary detectives, have gathered evidence for more than half a century, and their faith has been rewarded. Almost all the characters Casanova mentions have been identified; the events he describes have been verified from other sources; the places he visits have yielded evidence of his sojourns. On every occasion that can be checked, he has told the truth. As for the other, more private, occasions, we are left to assume what we like.

But the *History of My Life* describes more than people, events and places. The man himself dominates every page, just as, I suspect, he dominated every situation he was ever in. His temper is everywhere unmistakable: incredibly sensitive to the possibilities of a situation, vain and a great talker—maybe the greatest, in a century when interesting talk was valued more than money, rank and a good deal more than honesty (generally considered a boring virtue). For years Casanova employed as a passport into the best homes of Europe the description of his escape from The Leads, a famous Venetian prison. It is a hair-raising tale as it appears in the memoirs, showing Casanova at his extraordinary best, combining physical courage with the skills of a great confidence man. Before it is over he has convinced his cell mate that an angel is about to descend through the ceiling (it does); bamboozled the warden into carrying a steel spike, under a Bible and a plate of spaghetti, to an accomplice; dangled by a roof edge over the Piazza San Marco, found an hour or two in mid-escape for a refreshing sleep, and at the end took refuge in a police chief's house, in the guise of a strayed hunter. The yarn took two hours to tell and Casanova, good performer that he was, refused to begin unless the full two hours were granted.

He discovered early that "reputation" was the crowning quality of experience. The only wasted minutes were those that could not be converted into a story, whether the audience be a seduced maiden, the *beau monde* of Paris, or eventually the "dear reader" for whom Casanova is so solicitous. He admits to having been fascinated by the effect he created. When he spent huge sums of money to clothe some abandoned beauty, he was repaid not only with love-making but with the shock of surprise in the eyes of his momentary beloved. Few men have been able to spend money as well as Casanova, who consumed several large fortunes in his lifetime.

Since Rousseau, we have become inordinately curious of the man behind the man, whoever he may be. It is as if the authentic imprint of a character were left only in the interstices of his life. According to this "*psychologie à secret*," as Malraux calls it, a man is not what he does but what he hides. And all the better if he hides it unbeknownst to himself, for then what is concealed bears the unmistakable imprint of the unconscious, the "true" self, the natural man.

With this in mind, one can see why Casanova's reputation should have been marginal down to our day. He knew so well the value of a story that he devoted all of his considerable gifts to the project of making his life worth the telling. He knew so well the art of converting energy into action, and character into events, that his memoirs, for all the private revelations they contain, are far too public for modern taste. If the *History of My Life* had been presented to us as a novel, it would be acknowledged as one of the 18th century's greatest achievements. As a life, however, it could not be believed, and if believed could not yield to our passion for psychological secrets. Casanova was so essentially a man of action that he had no time for such secrets. All the psychology he needed lay in the ability to size up a situation. There is no residue of meditation, no groping for self-knowledge. The story is all, and it is so continuously interesting that we must, at last, vindicate the author.

A Sorcerer's Apprentice

THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge. *By Carlos Castaneda. University of California Press. 196 pp. $5.95.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak is chairman of the History of Western Culture program at California State College at Hayward. He is the editor of and a contributor to The Dissenting Academy *(Pantheon Books and Vintage paperback).*

For six years, while he was a graduate student in anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles, Carlos Castaneda served as apprentice to a Yaqui Indian *brujo* (sorcerer) named don Juan. At the outset of their association, Castaneda approached the old shaman simply to draw upon him as an authority on the use of medicinal herbs among the Indians of Southwest America and Mexico. But if that is the limited professional use the young anthropologist intended to make of don Juan, the latter had much more ambitious plans in mind for Castaneda. For reasons Castaneda still cannot make clear—either to the reader or to himself—don Juan discerned in him the possibility of a disciple and proceeded to introduce him, by way of a rigorous curriculum, into realms of esoteric experience which clash disconcertingly with our prevailing scientific conception of reality.

The "non-ordinary reality" through which don Juan guides his pupil in this unusual little book is mainly the world of hallucinogenic drugs which has by now become a home away from home for thousands of hip youngsters. But in venturing beyond the doors of perception, Castaneda is able to claim one great advantage which previous explorers have lacked—and it is this which makes his

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book a uniquely important contribution to our burgeoning psychedelic literature; indeed, perhaps one that deserves to replace the comparatively amateurish efforts of Huxley, Watts, Burroughs and Leary. He enjoys the services of a hierophant for whom the psychedelic experience functions as part of a deeply studied professional calling and a fully elaborated world view. Castaneda tells us very little about don Juan's personal background or the ethnic context of his teachings: about all this the man seems to have been extremely reticent. Like most shamans, he is very much the lone wolf, the enigmatic and self-reliant outsider, living by his wits on the social margin. But it is obvious enough that his lore derives from an oral tradition of immense age and complexity. The ritualistic precision and pedagogical discipline surrounding don Juan's teachings resound with generations of experiment, meditation and philosophical systematization.

It is with such a heritage that the *brujo* is able to envelop Castaneda's experiences, thus making of them so many steps in a demanding spiritual excursion. All aspects of the hallucinogenic agents, their preparation and use, are swaddled in an exotic erudition that contributes to the sense of their sacredness. The agents themselves are conceived of animistically as deities of definite character: they are "allies" or "protectors," the bestowers of insight and power. One of the great moments of Castaneda's investigation is his hallucinatory confrontation with "Mescalito," the god of the peyote, whose image and behavior remain strikingly uniform throughout the run of experiments. It is an awesome presence from which there emanates a compelling aura of holy terror. As Castaneda records the dread encounter, one cannot avoid feeling that something of the hidden origins of our religious consciousness is being laid bare. But for Castaneda, unlike so many psychedelic explorers, such experiences are not simply so much perceptual fireworks or isolated psychic astonishments. Under don Juan's shrewd tutelage, they unfold within an autonomous and coherent metaphysical system. They comprise a body of knowledge replete with its own principles of validation and interpretation.

It is, indeed, as a "man of knowledge" that don Juan conceives of himself. And, as with most Amerindian shamans, his quest for knowledge is a relentless testing of personal courage in the face of ever more harrowing dangers. The *brujo* becomes a warrior, challenging supernatural forces under whose sway he may, for lack of cunning or stamina, be utterly destroyed. "A man goes to knowledge," don Juan remarks, "as he goes to war, wide-awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Going to knowledge or going to war in any other manner is a mistake, and whoever makes it will live to regret his steps." And what don Juan expects of himself, he expects of his apprentice. More than once he leads Castaneda into experiments that are nearly fatal. After one encounter with the jimson weed, Castaneda spends better than two days in a deathly swoon. Nevertheless, under the *brujo*'s prompting, he makes his way over the years through a number of hallucinatory experiences in which one recognizes much that has become the stock in trade of our traditions of witchcraft and occult superstition: experiences of flight, of lycanthropy, of incorporeality and of divination.

At last, however, Castaneda fails in his apprenticeship. In an attempt to test his disciple's courage in the face of a supreme horror, don Juan stages a situation in which hallucinogenic agents play no part, but only the power of suggestion. At least such is the explanation Castaneda now imposes on the event as he reflects upon it. It is impossible to tell from the record precisely what happened on that final night. The closing pages of the account read like something out of Lord Dunsany or Sheridan Le Fanu. It may be that Castaneda's very life was at stake before forces, either psychic or material, which he still cannot fully explain.

I have had the opportunity to talk with the author and he now believes this great test was an effort by don Juan to pit him against the fear of death itself, in the presence of which he was expected to perform a set of ritual gestures representing the shaman's ultimate assertion of personal identity and defiance before the prospect of annihilation. While Castaneda survived the ordeal, he did so by coming close to total psychic collapse. Now, while he continues to visit with don Juan, he has refused to press his training any further into the occult terrors. I doubt that anyone would blame him, for apparently there was a long way still to go:

> It was obvious to me then that my apprenticeship had been only the beginning of a very long road. And the strenuous experiences I had undergone, which were so overwhelming to me, were but a very small fragment of a system of logical thought from which don Juan drew meaningful inferences for his day-to-day life, a vastly complex system of beliefs in which inquiry was an experience leading to exultation.

This is high praise by the pupil for his master. But surely don Juan would regard the final section of Castaneda's book as a discouraging sign of backsliding. Here, Castaneda offers what he calls a "structural analysis" of don Juan's world view, an attempt to demonstrate its coherence by way of imposing formal anthropological categories upon this "reality of special consensus." Whatever its professional respectability—and I am unconvinced that it makes any real sense to subject the thought and behavior of a single individual to structural analysis rather than to handle them in the form of a simple critical essay—it is a stilted and cold-blooded job of work that seems to add little to the lively record of Castaneda's experiences. Perhaps it is the incense Castaneda's colleagues and the university press expect him to sprinkle on the altar of methodology—which is our own home-grown species of mumbo jumbo.

But if the object of the book is to demonstrate the cogency of a world view that diverges radically from our scientific conception of reality—and this amounts to asking "what is truth?"—then I think Castaneda has no better way of pressing

A PICTURE IN THE NEWS

The cop clutches
a growth near his heart

black, tiny,
killing us.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW
Vol. XIII, No. 1 WINTER 1969

ERICH AUERBACH
Philology and Weltliteratur
Maire and Edward Said, trans.

JOSEPH H. SUMMERS
Reading Marvel's "Garden"

HARRY BERGER, JR.
Pico and Neoplatonist Idealism: Philosophy as Escape

HAROLD H. WATTS
The Tragic Hero in Eliot and Yeats

FREDERICK W. TURNER, III
Melville and Thomas Berger: The Novelist as Cultural Anthropologist

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the point home than by drawing as vividly as possible the charismatic figure of don Juan himself—which is perhaps more of a literary than an ethnographic project. Even in Castaneda's abbreviated notes, there is an authority about this old man, a searing conviction and a commanding eloquence, that cannot help but jar the most determined skeptic. Here is a life that has been wholly commited to what the "non-ordinary reality" has to teach—and under the spell of that teaching don Juan projects a quality of experience beside which scientific exactitude stands in peril of paling into irrelevance.

Toward the Abyss

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS: A Biography Based on His Letters. *By Helen N. Kazantzakis. Translated by Amy Mims. Simon & Schuster. 589 pp. $12.*

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton *(Hillary) and* Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry *(Octagon), and is at present preparing a book on Greek life.*

"I loved this man because he never asserted his superiority, never insisted on transforming me into a 'lady philosopher.' I was a simple person. He left me as I was, respecting my nature. . . . He offered me the love, confidence, affection, the fields and forests, the mountain and the sea, undreamed-of travels, Cretan and African tales, his own example of perfect nudity before God."

Mme. Kazantzakis has returned her husband's implied compliment. Her "biography" is less a work of her own than a collection of his letters in which he writes about what he is and what he can make of himself. Nevertheless, Mme. Kazantzakis has put her own stamp upon the selection, in the brief commentaries and, above all, in the emphases she allows her husband's writing to provide. It is notable that what she has done bears out the conclusions of that other friend, Pandelis Prevalakis, whose critical study is an equally noble achievement.

It will be a long time before there is a bibliography of Kazantzakis' works—there are so many plays, scenarios, even novels that have not been printed. There are textbooks for schools, children's books, dictionaries. His first long prose fiction, *The Serpent and the Lily*, and the first play, *Daybreak*, were written in 1905 and 1906, and thereafter he produced novels and plays in almost equal profusion. From the beginning his disposition was continuously lyrical, so that the *Buddha*, at first several thousand lines of verse, was rewritten in lyrical prose. The subjectivity, the lyricism controlled the form also of the travel books —*Toda Raba* he called "a confession in the form of a novel about the USSR." One of the most famous of his novels, *The Greek Passion*, was, as it were naturally, made into an opera. He worked unceasingly over his *Spiritual Exercises*, which he thought of as his credo, but even the very impressive interpretation of Japanese life, *The Rock Garden*, is as much a portrait of the author as of the declared subject. *The Odyssey* is, of course, an epic, whose protagonist represents the impulsions of the poet himself, and the epic ambitions took a multitude of forms—in the scenarios *Lenin, Buddha, Don Quixote*; in tragedies on the great subjects of the past, *The Minotaur, Sodom and Gomorrah*; in the book on Saint Francis. He himself hoped for a complete edition of his works, and indeed in 1955 he brought out the first two volumes. I do not know if steps are being taken to continue what would be an enormous undertaking.

Kazantzakis' prodigious energy led to what at first glance would appear to be a life work of the magnitude of Tolstoy's or Balzac's. And each individual work in itself reveals the same apparently gigantic force. But there is a vast difference between the substance of his achievement and of those others. He was truly imaginative, and so he has a magnificent power of creating the particulars of life—the detail in the interior of a room, the color of the sea, the differentiations in the contours of a face—he can make us see these very marvels as in actuality. Yet it is not quite this particularity and sense of reality he means chiefly to celebrate; his work is always subservient to his higher purpose, if one may call it that, and as he sometimes thought of it:

> My aim is not Art for Art's sake, but to find and express a new sense of life [remember Nietzsche and Tolstoy]. In order for me to attain this aim, there are three paths: 1) the path of Christ —inaccessible; 2) the path of St. Paul —the combination of Art (the Epistle) and Action, but a Christ is needed; 3) the path of Art or Philosophy [Tolstoy or Nietzsche].
>
> I am following the third, and that is why whatever I write will never be perfect from the point of view of Art. Because my intention transcends the limits of Art.

In this sense he knew himself well: "It is not human beings that interest me, but the flame that consumes human beings." Whatever the likeness with Tolstoy, no such obsession controlled the characterizations of the Russian's writing, however much a similar obsession took over the last years of his life. The urgency of the Greek is more consistently Nietzschean.

It is significant that Kazantzakis came very late to regarding himself primarily as a writer. At times he gave himself to the work of revolution; he accepted many government posts; he aspired to a multitude of patriotic and humanitarian roles. As it turned out, writing dominated his life but, as he said, it was not the art itself that chiefly engaged him. He thought of his purpose as primarily Messianic, and for such a role the means were not easily sketched out. The difficulty was the greater from the nature of his message, and especially difficult for one who would make fictional representation the medium. How can you give actuality the respect it requires of a novelist and an epic poet when your message is praise of an encompassing void? "We come from a black abyss, and we end in a black abyss." "My friends believe me happy, because they do not know that my happiness is the supreme flowering of my own despair, and my scorn for all things 'terrestrial.' "

Kazantzakis' submission to Nietzsche and to the Nietzschean cult of enthusiasm is responsible in part for his popularity, and that is one more testimony of the authority of what may turn out to be the single most important direction of contemporary thought. His wife, calling attention to a very early play, *No Exit*, speaks of his anticipation of Sartre's play with just that point in mind. If this is the mainstream, Kazantzakis is in it. But he adds something to it as a Greek. Modern Greek Christians have a curious affinity for Germanic abstractions. The Johannine element in Greek Orthodoxy rather indiscriminately entertains almost any idea of the transcendental, and, most tragically, even that of the nihilists. Greek intellectuals who do not free themselves as much as they would like from their molding as Christians attach what they cannot get rid of, the idea of the sacred, to any current philosophy—provided only that it excludes the idea of incarnation. So Kazantzakis brings into his modern viewpoint a variety of Christian emphases—upon asceticism, resurrection, redemption, even in some meaningless way, immortality—all to urge the encompassing Messianic despair.

I cannot say whether, in overlaying everything with assertions about the

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"holiness" of existence, he owes more to Nietzsche or to modern Greece. No one uses the word God more frequently, or apparently more affirmatively, but in his scheme it can only be a word for the one true divinity, nothingness. He even combines respect for asceticism—an early visit to Mt. Athos was profoundly meaningful to him—with the idea of the sacredness of the void: "to give all of yourself and to rot; not to give any of yourself and to become holy." On occasion, he turns the paradox into a consistent enough political attitude: "no one will realize that if I wound up an ascetic, it is only because I preferred nakedness to the cheap, humiliating livery of the bourgeoisie."

Jane Addams was, I believe, to reject in the end Tolstoy's doctrine of nonviolence as rooted in the deepest of dispositions for self-destruction, but until the final surrender Tolstoy was able to celebrate life in its finiteness as Nietzsche and Kazantzakis were not. The Greek writer might pay all honor to the sacredness of the flame consuming and wasting humanity; he might on many lovely occasions exult with Zorba in fireworks, for he was more artist than ultimately he wanted to be. Mere actuality he could not celebrate any more than he could celebrate heaven or hell. Here I think Mme. Kazantzakis draws the right conclusion: ". . . perhaps this was the hidden cause of his powerlessness. He was hesitant to lead his race to its own death, in the hope of some future resurrection." For the future was not a resurrection but an abyss that in his heart he abhorred.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Evelyn Waugh has always had a formidable gift for putting titles on his novels. The elaboration of that splendid example, *Decline and Fall*, into *Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher*, so weakens the impact—for the sake, presumably, of an anachronistic pun—that I approached the screen manipulation of his text reluctantly. And having seen the film, I went back to the book to discover what had happened.

Decline and Fall is not as brilliant as I had remembered. Waugh's satire was shallow; it was more cosmetic than surgical, a preoccupation with humorous tics rather than morbid disabilities, closer to Wodehouse than to Swift. But what it had, and what makes it still a joy, was style, pace, an unfailing sense of what was sufficient for the purpose. The essence of the book's wit is that the characters are hardly odd at all—just enough to tip them into the mad quadrant of bowler-hatted society. The book had restraint and style.

The picture has neither. Falling into the heresy of not trusting the text—a lapse of faith that so often befalls the sponsors of Shakespeare—Ivan Foxwell, the script writer, and John Krish, the director, have attempted to inject some vigor into the story. Vigor, of course, is what it conspicuously, and quite deliberately, lacks; and the transfusion is the worse because it is not contemporary with the book but derived from post-Sellers, British camp slapstick. Everyone mugs and howls, and Waugh's epigrams, when they can be heard, sound wan in the fluorescence. At the same time, there is a tendency to rib Waugh's era with Art Moderne atrocities, to be humorous not with him, but at him.

The result is witless—part musical comedy without drive, part replay of St. Trinian. The main problem, I suspect, is that the film's proprietors were haunted by that hole in the composition named Paul Pennyfeather. He is indeed a nonentity (here played by Robin Phillips as a rather coy nonentity), and was so designated by his author. Waugh spun the story around a vacuum, which on the screen tends to give the central figure nothing to do. The difficulty is not overcome, however, by making the other characters into comic-strip hysterics. From lack of discipline and an appreciation of what Waugh was about, they all fall into the hole together.

It is too bad, for the cast includes a number of actors who could have worn Waugh's characters with some distinction—principally Colin Blakely as Philbrick, Donald Wolfit as Dr. Fagan, Leo McKern as Grimes. But they could not do so with the make-up and business that were given them. Genevieve Page could probably not have accomplished Margot Beste-Chetwynde under any circumstances. Perhaps no actress could; she was a houri of Pennyfeather's rather dim romanticism.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

How does one keep one's balance on Broadway? The atmosphere there is polluted with unseemly hallelujahs or damns of outrage. The hallelujahs are ejaculations of relief, hopeful cries in the darkness of something worse than mediocrity; the imprecations are roars of disappointment over the frustration of pleasure. The theatre is a passionate place where it is hazardous to speak with moderation.

This preamble is to notify my readers that I should like to praise the APA production of O'Casey's *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* (Lyceum Theatre) a little more than I find myself able, and to modify somewhat the general ecstasy over *Dames at Sea* at the cute Bouwerie Lane Theatre (330 Bowery). Though my reports are not chiefly concerned with blessings or warnings—stop-go signals in the theatre market place—one is virtually forced to pronounce "verdicts" (publicity is our prime industry), because the customers feel bilked if they are not supplied with a peremptory yea or nay. Therefore, I must begin by stating that the two mid-January entries are, for the habitual theatregoer, certainly worth seeing.

Cock-a-Doodle Dandy is a song. "Enough, no more," one is impelled to add, " 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before." Still, an excess of melody is much better than too little, or none at all. The spirit and language of O'Casey's comedy are lovely. They voice a celebration of life, a lilting and laughing hymn, as well as its converse crow of mockery, rich curses at O'Casey's two *bêtes noires*, bigotry and money meanness. He harps to the point of shrillness against the enemy, but poetry, laughter and love finally triumph.

The weakness of the play is an insufficiency of dramatic content; there is almost no "story." O'Casey wrote it after he had left Ireland, injured and insulted by its hermetic religiosity, its unfrangible myth making. (My impression of Ireland, when I visited the country, was that the Irish were living there,

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dreaming of Ireland!) As a result plays of that period, though never without moments of beauty and scenes of both power and hilarity, are more or less veiled preachments, with rumblings of rancor in the shadows. Therefore, the best work of O'Casey's last years is to be found in his multi-volumed autobiography, where his life struggle supplies a structure firm enough to sustain the rest.

What *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* does have, and what saves it, is a striking image and captivating speech. The image is that of the indomitably rebellious Cock, symbol of nature in its gloriously telluric force and in its capacity to demolish the constrictions of reason. Nature is not all divine harmony; it is also demonic anarchy. O'Casey understands that this is part of its grandeur, to be embraced with a mighty whoop of brave affirmation.

When the crippled girl in the play is on her way to Lourdes, praying for a cure, her sister Lorna says: "I'm afraid the chance is a poor one, but we won't talk about it." To which another woman piously replies: "Well, it was a good send-off, an' God is good." Lorna then rejoins with, "An' the devil's not a bad fella either."

Still the *mana* of the play is not its "message," though that is what O'Casey has most in mind, but its language. It is ripe with all the juices of creation. It leaps, dances, soars, pirouettes, turns somersaults, nudges, winks and, above all, chants. What a feast for the ear and the heart; it tickles the soul! But because the language has to carry all the play's weight, it sometimes lapses into tricky verbal doodling.

The compulsive alliterativeness of the dialogue, while usually grand fun, is occasionally wearisome. For an example of both the positive and negative in this regard read this:

> Are you goin' to tell me that th' skipper aloft an' his hierarchilogical crew are concerned about th' Mayor, the Messenger, Marion, me, an' you as much as they are about them who've been promoted to th' quarter-deck o' th' world's fame? Are you goin' to pit our palthry penances an' haltin' hummin' o' hymns against th' piercin' pipin' of th' rosary be Bing Bang Crosby an' other great film stars, who side-stepped from published greatness for a holy minute or two to send a blessed blast over th' wireless, callin' all Catholics to perpetuatin' prayer!

The production, under the direction of Jack O'Brien and Donald Moffat, follows O'Casey scrupulously, and thereby renders the play less than best service. The staging is too literal. The little "miracles" of stagecraft which O'Casey

GHAZALS: HOMAGE TO GHALIB

(Six sections from a longer cycle)

7/12/68

The clouds are electric in this university.
The lovers astride the tractor burn fissures through the hay.

When I look at that wall I shall think of you
and of what you did not paint there.

Only the truth makes the pain of lifting a hand worthwhile:
the prism staggering under the blows of the raga.

The vanishing-point is the point where he appears.
Two parallel tracks converge, yet there has been no wreck.

To mutilate privacy with a single foolish syllable
is to throw away the search for the one necessary word.

When you read these lines, think of me
and of what I have not written here.

7/16/68

When they mow the fields, I see the world reformed
as if by snow, or fire, or physical desire.

First snow. Death of the city. Ghosts in the air.
Your shade among the shadows, interviewing the mist.

The mail came every day, but letters were missing;
by this I knew things were not what they ought to be.

The trees in the long park blurring back
into Olmsted's original dream-work.

The impartial scholar writes me from under house arrest.
I hope you are rotting in hell, Montaigne you bastard.

7/23/68

When your sperm enters me, it is altered;
when my thought absorbs yours, a world begins.

If the mind of the teacher is not in love with the mind of the student
he is simply practising rape, and deserves at best our pity.

To live outside the law! Or, barely within it,
a twig on boiling waters, enclosed inside a bubble.

Our words are jammed in an electronic jungle;
sometimes, though, they rise and wheel croaking over the treetops.

An open window; thick summer night; electric fences trilling.
What are you doing here at the edge of the death-camps, Vivaldi?

7/26/68

A dead mosquito, flattened against a door;
his image could survive our comings and our goings.

LeRoi! Eldridge! listen to us, we are ghosts
condemned to haunt the cities where you want to be at home.

The white children turn black on the negative.
The summer clouds blacken inside the camera skull.

Every mistake that can be made, we are prepared to make;
anything less would fall short of the reality we're dreaming.

Someone has always been desperate, now it's our turn—
we who were free to weep for Othello and laugh at Caliban.

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I have learned to smell a conservateur a mile away:
they carry illustrated catalogues of all that there is to lose.

8/1/68

The order of the small town on the riverbank,
forever at war with the order of the dark and starlit soul.

Were you free then all along, Jim, free at last
of everything but the white boy's fantasies?

We pleaded guilty till we saw what rectitude was like:
its washed hands, and dead nerve, and sclerotic eye.

I long ago stopped dreaming of pure justice, your honor—
my crime was to believe we could make cruelty obsolete.

The body has been exhumed from the burnt-out bunker;
the teeth counted, the contents of the stomach told over.

And you, Custer the Squaw-killer, hero of primitive schoolrooms—
where are you buried, what is the condition of your bones?

8/4/68

If these are letters, they will have to be misread.
If scribblings on a wall, they tangle with all the others.

Fuck Reds Black Power Angel loves Rosita
—and a transistor radio answers in Spanish: Night must fall.

Prisoners, soldiers, crouching as always, writing,
explaining the unforgivable to a wife, a mother, a lover.

Those faces are blurred and some have turned away
to which I used to address myself so hotly.

How is it, Ghalib, that your grief, resurrected in pieces,
has found its way to this room from your dark house in Delhi?

When they read this poem of mine, they are translators.
Every existence speaks a language of its own.

ADRIENNE RICH

(This poem began to be written after I had read Aijaz Ahmad's literal English versions of the work of the Urdu poet Mirza Ghalib, 1797-1869.)

calls for are all neatly done and consequently amusing, but much more could have been accomplished with lighting and setting to give the play a more glowing enchantment, a greater lift of wonder.

This is perhaps a minor complaint, considering the stock quality of most of the acting, which is altogether deficient in freshness and invention. Worse still —I am in honesty constrained to mention it—O'Casey insists on "the temptation from good lookin' women," emblems of the sensuous delight in living, and who dares maintain that the actresses of the APA production are adequate representatives of such temptation or delight?

Dames at Sea, a spoof on the movie musicals of the thirties, book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller with music by Jim Wise, is a lollipop. I am not averse to such sweets; they serve to alleviate the strain of daily dullness for those who find themselves daily dull.

I do not clearly remember *Anchors Away!* or the peppermint and marshmallow mechanics of Busby Berkley's choreography, but I take it for granted that the parody in *Dames at Sea* is sufficiently close to the delicious absurdities of the originals.

The plot—ostensibly about the travails of show folk—makes almost no sense at all, nor is sense intended. The numbers invented for the entertainment are nutty enough to afford good-humored pastime. I would recommend it more heartily if the management, upon reading the ecstasies of the daily press, had not immediately raised the price of tickets to $10, but I shall join the chorus by saying that I prefer *Dames at Sea* to *George M!*

What contributes to the fun, besides such ditties as *Raining in My Heart*, is the overall excellence of the presentation, directed and choreographed by Neal Kenyon; the proper use of the tiny stage by Peter Harvey, and the modest but right costuming. Best of all are the three ladies: Tamara Long, the toothsomely copious and ever engaging "heavy"; Sally Stark, a rough and ready soubrette with a heart of gold and a nice show-biz sense of humor, and Bernadette Peters whose darling face, with its slightly protruding kiss-me-please mouth and ineffable winsomeness, is the very cream of the show's jest. Joseph Sicari exudes the infectiously simple enthusiasm of an actor with a happy assignment, adding a masculine spark to the festivity.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

MOZART: *Così fan tutte.* Leontyne Price, Judith Raskin, Tatiana Troyanos, George Shirley, Sherill Milnes, Ezio Flagello; Ambrosian Opera Chorus, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA LSC-6416, $23.16.

Le Nozze di Figaro. Gundula Janowitz, Edith Mathis, Tatiana Troyanos, Hermann Prey, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, et al.; Chorus & Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin, Karl Böhm, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon 139276/9, $23.16.

Despite one's initial qualms that the cast might be more suitable for, say, Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, Leinsdorf's *Così* turns out to be an impressive example of his structural grasp. Particularly striking is the careful attention to transitions between recitatives and arias or ensembles and to the pacing of recitatives, so that the opera really "plays," with a long-range sense of dramatic and musical progression, even though only two of the singers (Raskin and Flagello) offer particularly vivid characterizations. The minimal tempo inflection (within individual numbers) that aids this continuity also permits less local detail, but this is partially offset by the mellifluous and rhythmically poised orchestral playing (notably from the winds). On the vocal side, Price's Fiordiligi is rather deficient in range, intonation and agility; the others are quite satisfactory. For the first time on records, the opera is performed absolutely complete.

Böhm's *Figaro*, despite a similar indifference (save for one or two puzzling instances) to modification of tempo and

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a palpable neatness of execution, attempts no such integration of the recitatives, which come off soggy, perhaps because some of the cast sounds uncomfortable in Italian. The juxtaposition of Janowitz's almost instrumental Countess and Fischer-Dieskau's vehement Count—he sounds as if he were playing Scarpia—is certainly curious, but the other singers are acceptable. However, since it lacks both a compelling long-range conception, such as Leinsdorf's, and a compensating attention to detail, the performance offers little reward for repeated listening. The score is complete, but so is Kleiber's recording on London, which has many other virtues (including a translation of the libretto, which is here printed, reprehensibly, only in Italian).

MAHLER: *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; London Symphony Orchestra, George Szell, conductor. Angel S-36547, $5.79.

One of the less remarked upon consequences of the record industry's devotion to the "star system" is the practice of fitting music to the performers, rather than vice versa. These songs, written during the period of the first four symphonies (three of which themselves contain songs to texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*), do not form a narrative cycle and could easily be performed by any number of singers, depending on considerations of range, vocal quality and sex. However, every recording to date has used only two singers, transposed many of the songs, and thereby distorted Mahler's finely balanced orchestration, in terms both of individual instrumental registers and of absolute range.

Since the two other versions currently available manage to get only three songs each in the right keys, this one, which presents seven of the twelve in Mahler's original orchestration, may be considered a step forward. (In addition to these seven, Rehfuss' "Der Tambourg'sell" on Vanguard SRV-285, and Ludwig's "Wo die schönen Trompeten" on Angel S-3704 are sung in the correct keys—which leaves three songs, including the magnificent "Revelge," as yet "unrecorded," in a significant sense). And because Szell's direction achieves a precision and clarity of orchestral detail not found in any previous performance, this should stand as the preferable version until someone decides to hire singers who fit all the songs. Unfortunately, the wear and tear on Schwarzkopf's voice is beginning to show rather badly, and is ill-concealed by her numerous coynesses, both technical and verbal; still more distracting is the practice of turning some songs into duets, although Mahler's title page clearly opposes it.

GRIEG: Piano Concerto. LISZT: Piano Concerto in E-flat major. Van Cliburn; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. RCA LSC-3065, $5.79.

The six Philadelphia Orchestra recordings in the current RCA release are a typical non-event, whereby a transfer of recording contract from Columbia to RCA is promulgated as a major musical happening. Aside from the change of label color, there is little to distinguish this release from previous Philadelphia records—except perhaps the recorded sound, which in the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* (LSC-3058) is exceptionally raucous and dry, and elsewhere lacks the focus of the best Columbia recordings. Typical is a Bruckner Seventh Symphony (LSC-3059) innocent of all but the most obvious structural articulations, and not very well played either. And a collection of Telemann concertos (LSC-3057) sounds as if it were based on the assumption that, since Ormandy always sells well and Telemann is selling well these days, the combination will naturally sell even better. It may do so, but these performers are not only stylistically innocent—they don't even know a good Telemann piece from a dull one, and pound away at the drearier sequential passages in a manner calculated to make the poor pieces sound even worse than they are.

The Grieg collaboration with Cliburn listed above is of some interest, for the pianist has a valid approach to the piece, sensitively phrased and conceived within a tonal framework that, by excluding an explosive reading of the more rhetorical passages, goes a long way toward pulling the piece together at a level its somewhat restricted invention can sustain. But the orchestra's contribution is designed for exactly the obvious sort of reading that Cliburn isn't giving, and the lapses of continuity are glaring; only in the slow movement are piano and orchestra successfully integrated. In the Liszt concerto, where pianistic rhetoric is integral to the work's progress, Cliburn's approach is rather less successful.

Other recordings of special interest:

WEILL: *Die sieben Todsünden der Kleinbürger* (text by Bertolt Brecht). Gisela May, male quartet; Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra, Herbert Kegel, conductor. Deutsche Grammophon 139-308, $5.79.

DVORAK: Quartet in F major ("American"). SMETANA: Quartet in E minor ("From my life"). Juilliard Quartet. Columbia MS-7144, $5.79.

RECITAL: *Songs of Free Men; Spirituals.* Paul Robeson, bass-baritone; Lawrence Brown, pianist. Odyssey 32 16 0268, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5; *Grosse Fuge.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, conductor. Heliodor HS-25078, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

MOZART: Symphony No. 39; *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*; Overtures to *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Wilhelm Furtwängler, conductor. Heliodor HS-25079, $2.49 (reissue, in electronic stereo).

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 3. Vladimir Horowitz; London Symphony Orchestra, Albert Coates, conductor. Seraphim 60063, $2.49 (reissue).

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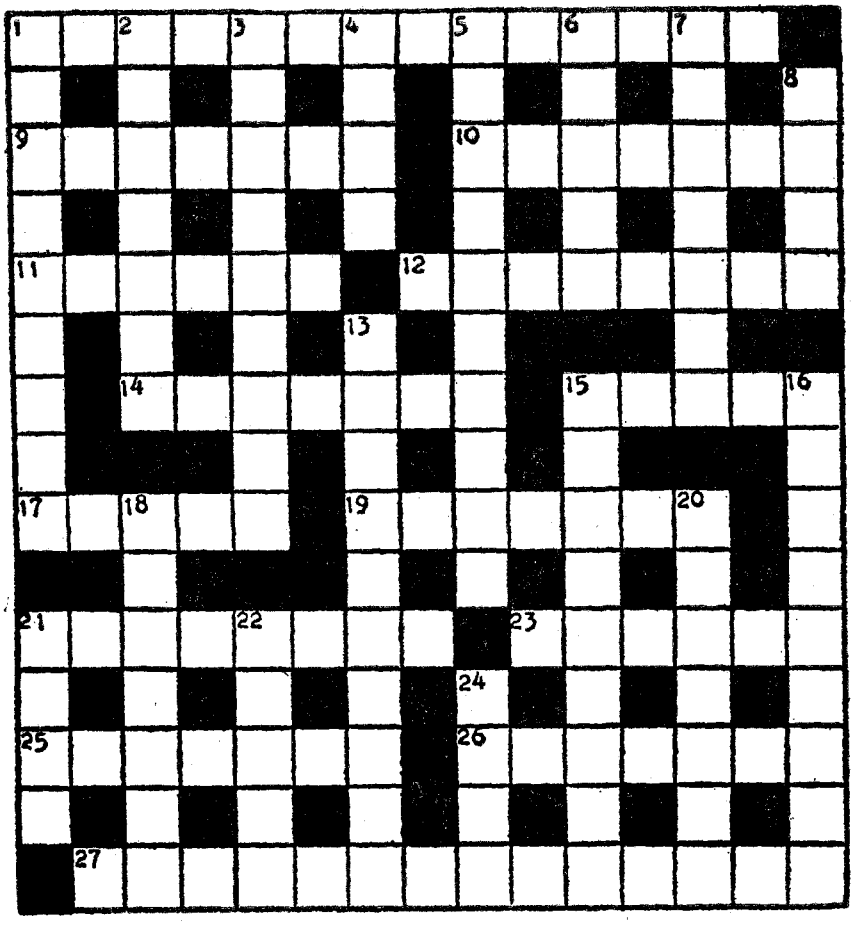

ACROSS

1 One might review the play rather critically. (6,8)
9 The cumulative earnings of a person, probably associated with savings? (4,3)
10 Does it take the morning to drive around the boat? (7)
11 See 21 down
12 Some parts of the feet are so emphasized.
14 Likely to need more people with pull than 10 does. (7)
15 See 1 down
17 Yellows, hopefully not with age. (5)
19 Did they make the forecast so clear? Not quite! (7)
21 Is one who savvies the border? You can't get word in, as they say! (8)
23 A spinner plunges in again the wrong way. (6)
25 Fly this by 23 in part of his house, as any child knows. (7)
26 How phrases are coined—especially if untrue? (7)
27 Ill-tempered recommendation? A different sort might show it. (5,9)

DOWN

1 and 15 across Would the British consider it a plain cut of meat? (9,5,)
2 It's time a policeman gets a break! (The convention might not be popular with such!) (3-4)
3 A queen attempts to get around and hides here to be well-treated. (9)
4 Pity Boaz' wife! (4)
5 Tell did without a bow! (We might do it for cause.) (4,3,3)
6 This officer was a real bird! (5)
7 Mother's seen in disarray about to be seen in the altogether! (2,5)
8 Raised loaf, by the sound of it. (4)
13 One might give a little more thought to having an unusual corner around the lateral surface. (10)
15 Old sailor flag? It might help in the blow-up. (9)
16 Educator-philologist has Mr. Carson get confused about the color. (9)
18 Being less in the heavyweight class, the match might not be called for with it. (7)
20 Involving raids on the power of the press, possibly. (7)
21 and 11 across Still repeated a little way inside, but equally divided. (4-6)
22 They're bound to get shorter in an 18, for example, if put to use. (5)
24 Polish fan? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1283

ACROSS: 1 Scissortail; 9 and 27 Born Free; 10 and 12 Heart trouble; 11 Hard; 15 Cerebral; 16 Soften; 18 Cosset; 21 Cowering; 24 and 26 Filling station; 28 Onus; 29 Earth; 30 and 13 Overbearing; 31 Forswearing. DOWN: 2 Conjurers; 3 Scholar; 4 Oral; 5 Tethers; 6 Ichor; 7 Course; 8 Bronte; 14 and 22 Clock-watcher; 17 First-born; 19 Onions; 20 Tenders; 23 Nooses; 25 Lasso.

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